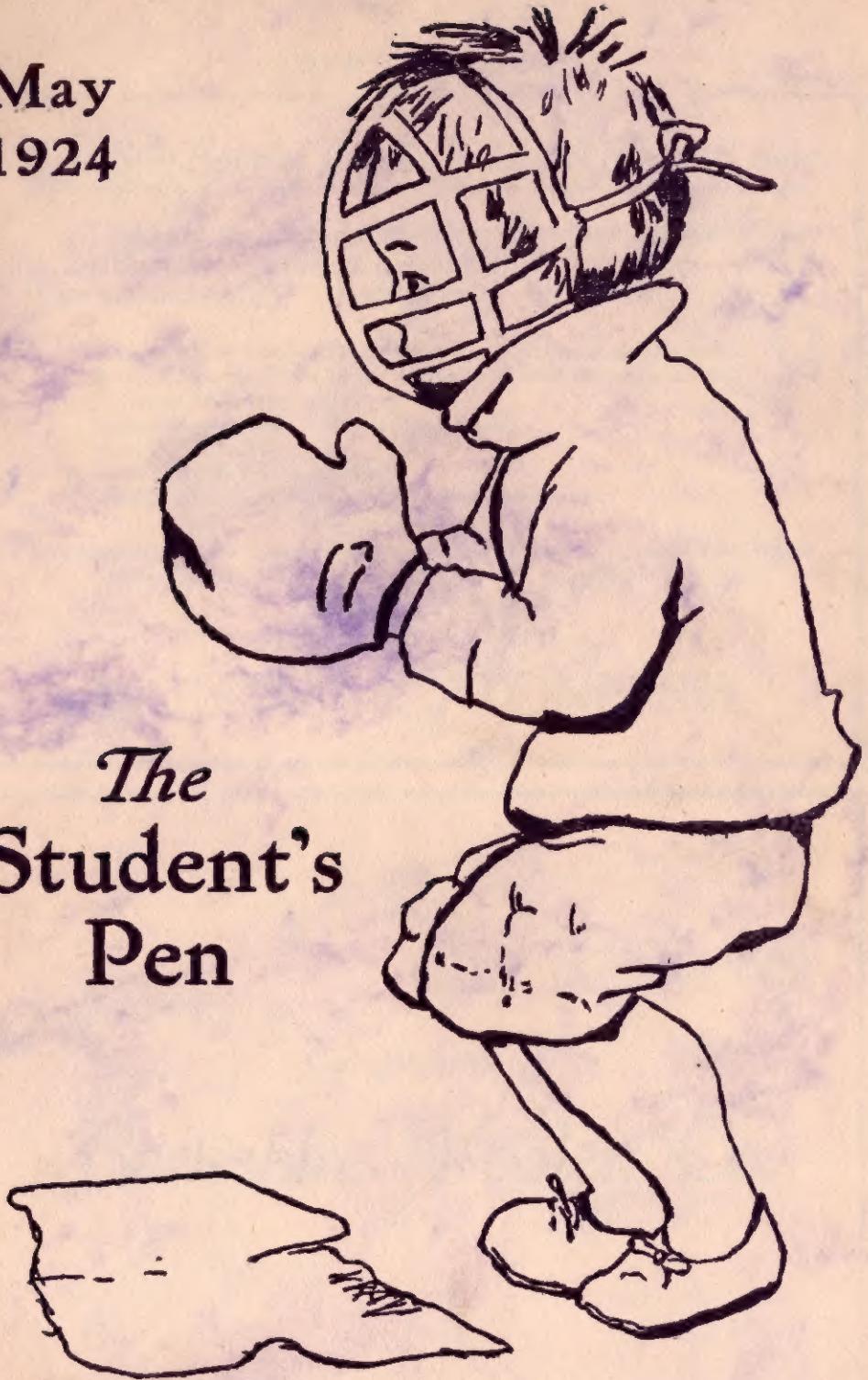


May
1924

The
Student's
Pen



"PLAY BALL"

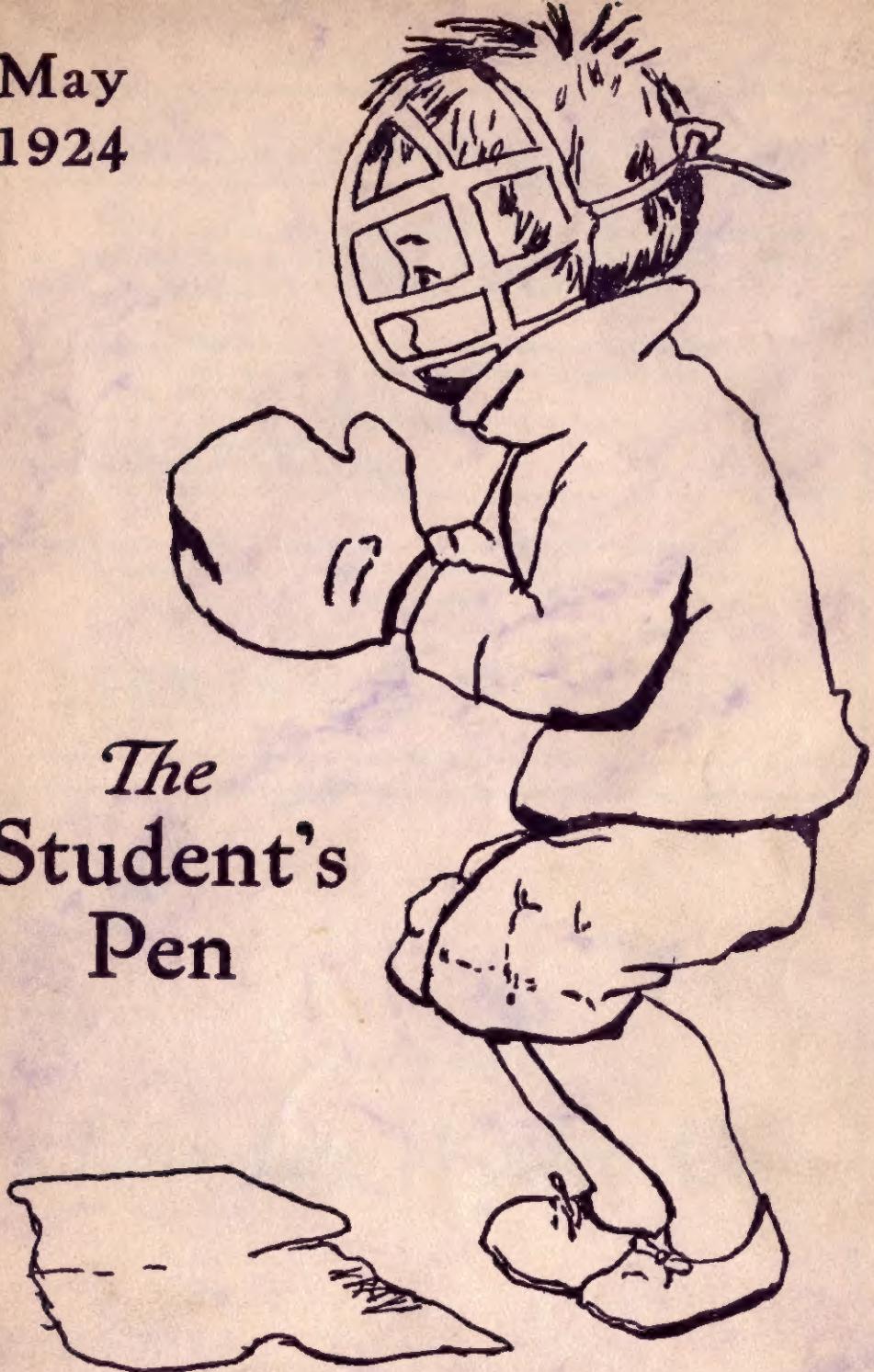
By R. Hoyd ..

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By R. Hoya .

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The STUDENT'S PEN

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An Old Ivory Fan

Dainty, old Henrietta Preston sat facing the firelight that glowed and sparkled in the ancient fireplace in the great library. She was waiting and listening for the sounds of the gay houseparty of young people, who were coming in to hear her tell them a story, as it was such a rainy night that they could not go to the club to dance.

Gay voices, both masculine and feminine, were heard, and into the fine old room trooped seven young people, laughing and talking.

"Oh! Aunt Henrietta," Janice Sheraton Preston trilled, "please tell us just one story, anyway."

"I'll tell you the one I've been keeping to tell when we would be all together," Miss Preston said. "Now everybody get chairs and stools, and get around the fire."

A scramble for chairs and stools, for a story told by Miss Henrietta Preston one knew, would certainly be worth while. Little Miss Preston then took a quaintly carved box from her lap and held it up for all to see, a peering of eyes, and craning of necks, and then subdued exclamations as Miss Preston opened the box, and took out what it contained, a fan of white lacquered ivory, cream colored and very fragile.

"I will put it in the box and show it to you after I have told you its curious story," she said, "but now I'll begin. It is about my grandmother Sheraton who told it to me.

Janice Sheraton, when a young girl of about eighteen, received an old ivory fan from her father's old friend, Ezekial Stebbins, a sea captain, who had obtained it in Japan.

Janice was a beautiful young girl, who lived with her father in a handsome old brownstone house in Charlestown. Then, in the year seventeen-seventy-five, the Revolution broke out, and Janice's father who was a staunch old Tory wished to send Janice at once to England, but she being a headstrong girl, and ruling her father with an iron hand, refused to go.

One sunny day as she walked along the Charlestown road she saw men coming on horseback. Wondering who these men could be, she waited to see them pass. It was George Washington and his staff. The general reined in his horse and looked smilingly down at her.

"Methinks, my little lady will be covered with dust if we pass her at this pace," he said. "Can I not take you to your destination?" Janice blushingly told him that she only lived a short distance away, nevertheless he insisted on her getting up behind him. So she rode home in state. But her father when he heard of it was very angry. He thundered and stormed but Janice patted his head and said, "There now, father o' mine, I really think I have turned rebel. George Washington has completely won me to the rebels just by his way." Although her father nearly had apoplexy Janice as usual had the last word.

After this the events of the war moved thick and fast. First Washington

would be victorious, then General Howe, the British commander. Janice meanwhile had become well acquainted with Colonel Jack Preston, a close friend of Washington. This friendship gradually grew into that dangerous disease called love. Father Sheraton did not hear of it though, you may be sure.

That winter of seventeen-seventy-six was a gay one and many were the parties and balls held in the Tory homes of Charlestown. Janice went every place. Her beauty, wonderful clothes, and radiant personality made her the belle of the winter. As talked about as Janice was the beautiful ivory fan which she carried.

The governor of Charlestown was to give a ball and everyone of importance was asked to the great mansion on the hill. Janice was there radiant and lovely. She had told Colonel Jack two days before the answer which he craved. Hot and tired from the last dance, she escaped from the ballroom and withdrew to the drawing room. Standing near a window with her back to the room she was startled to hear the governor's voice say, "Oh yes! we'll get the old Fox this time. General, you say you have the men ready to march at midnight to Mission Falls?" Then the general's assent as they moved off. Janice felt her heart leap into her throat,—she was a patriot, and Washington must be warned, but how? She glanced swiftly at the clock, quarter of ten. Would she have time? God willing. She would go at once. Running upstairs, then down to be stopped by a grinning soldier, "No one allowed out of the house until after midnight, my lady. Governor's orders."

Sick at heart she turned away. What could she do? A thought struck her, send a note to Jack by little Peter who worked in the kitchen. On the back of her dance program she wrote:

Dear Jack: Come and stand under the east window of the ball room.
Important.
Janice.

Little Peter took it and dashed off, nimbly escaping from the two guards at the gate and being swallowed up by blackness.

What should she do when Jack got there? She must think and quickly. She would have to slip him a note from the window. Running back to the library for paper she was dismayed to see the governor and his men there smoking and talking. She could not get it there. She would go back to the ballroom. Perhaps a way could be found there.

The music had started in the ballroom as she entered. She saw Sam Colby coming towards her. It must be his dance.

"My dance I believe," he said, and she floated away in his arms. As she danced inspiration came to her.

"Oh! I'm so tired let's go and sit near the east window," she said. As they sat there she looked out and there concealed in the shadow stood Jack.

"Oh! quick Sam get me some water and open the window. I feel so faint," she said. Sam jumped up, opened the window, and went for the water. Drawing her scarf over her ivory fan and little program pencil she wrote rapidly on the fan: General Howe marches to Mission Falls at midnight.

Turning quickly she threw the fan out of the window, saw Jack pick it up and start to run, then Sam's voice saying, "Here's the water. Feel better now?"

Mutely nodding assent she took the proffered glass. Just then a shot rang out. The glass tinkled to the floor shattered. "Please God, Jack had not been struck," was her prayer.

Of course we know they didn't hit him because General Howe did not surprise Washington at Mission Falls, and our patriots were saved from defeat, all because of an ivory lacquered fan and a young girl's cleverness. Here is the fan. You may all see it.

Mis Preston stopped, and many were the exclamations as the young people crouched around. Faintly on the fan's lacquered surface could be read:

General Howe mar— to —sion Falls at mid—. The rest was obliterated.
"Oh! isn't it just wonderful?" they all asked. "We'll never forget that story Miss Henrietta."

Half an hour later they had all left the room, leaving Miss Henrietta alone with her dreams and the old fan which had helped a country gain its freedom.

By Pussywillow

Pal

I made my way to the hillside,
Where the clouds in their lazy trend,
Seemed to meet in a benediction,
O'er the homely grave of my friend.

Over the grave of a partner,
Who had followed, wherever I led;
And never complained of the hardships,
That seemed to be looming ahead.

We roved over trails together,
Enjoying the thrill of the chase;
Never a friendship existed,
That could have taken its place.

Then one day a strange-looking roadster
Chugged up into our domain,
And Pat running out as a greeting—
My cautioning call was in vain.

He lay where he fell by the roadside,
And I knowing death was nigh,
Went down on my knees beside him—
And wished to God it were I.

And now as I stand here mourning,
O'er the silent grave of my friend,
He was only a dog—but I wonder,
If dogs to Heaven ascend.

By Pickwick

Reginald, Ruses and Robbers

Katie O'Brien was young, not disagreeable to look at, but, tragedy of tragedies! She had no beau. No, do not imagine that some secret sorrow had wounded her sensitive soul, or that she aspired to higher things. Katie, and we must confess that her listeners were always quite as incredulous as, no doubt, you are, did not care for men. I have often wondered why everyone should take that statement as a joke, but I have yet to meet the person who will believe it. However that may be, the fact remains that Katie had no beau.

Now that you have been introduced to "our heroine" let us proceed to the O'Brien family, to wit, Ma and Pa O'Brien. Pa, if he had not been a hen-pecked husband would have made a wonderful dyed-in-the-wool Tammany politician. He had caroty red hair, very blue eyes and a round and whale-like front—which is very bad fiction (whoever heard of a meek and humble husband with red hair and a somewhat (?)rotund stomach), but as fact, is a perfectly correct description of Katie's father. Moreover, Mr. O'Brien had a most troublesome habit of willful deception, which is to say, Mr. O'Brien's statesmanship took the form of a slippery and unreliable tongue. Yes, "gentle reader", turn away and do not read this immoral story—in it there is a man who tells deliberate lies (we are substituting him for your favorite "Sunny-haired Joe of the Newsboy's Union").

Mrs. O'Brien—we regret very much but she did not take in sewing, which was regularly rained upon by salty tears when little Dick, no, it was Joe wasn't it?, cried for a crust of bread, to support her worthless husband and to educate her little son—Mrs. O'Brien was the buxom, hearty, hard working mistress of a prosperous boarding-house, in the city of the four millions—New York. Now you surely know where the O'Briens live and when next you happen to be near there inquire for the O'Briens, New York City.

Katie was the pride and joy of Ma and Pa. Katie had gone to high school and was valedictorian of her class. She was "real smart", Mrs. O'Brien will say, showing you proudly, the framed diploma in the little vestibule of their rooms on the top floor and Mr. O'Brien, with his slippers feet propped up on the cold gas stove, will tell you marvelous stories of Katie's precocity and learning (do not believe them). Moreover, besides being the apple of their eye, Katie was the acting head of the boarding-house. She put the advertisements in the daily paper, employed the cleaners, cooks and maids, in fact she kept the books, managed the finances and was the life of the house. She was very well satisfied with her daily existence. Since her graduation she had never longed for college or for any other life than that into which she had been born. Katie O'Brien was a "good girl".

A poet's job is easy—when he describes his heroine she is as fair as the morning, her hair is spun gold, her skin is alabaster, etcetera, etcetera, not leaving out the deep violet pools and ruby lips. But when you have to tell the physical characteristics, including cross-eyes, double chins, big mouths and other defects common to the very mortal, the inadequate pen of the mere story-teller is at a

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disadvantage. Katie was tall (and willowy, of course) had very blue eyes (those are the violet pools of mysterious depth), blue black hair (shadowy clouds), and a wide, jolly, sensible mouth (ripe cherries). Add these ingredients to a nice voice, not-too-large straight nose, and, best of all, a reassuring appearance of capability—and you have Katie O'Brien.

Your incredulity is further increased, and I know you are suspecting me of too much imagination, inconsistency, and all sorts of awful crimes, because everyone knows that a pretty girl always has one fellow, if not more.

Then one day came to their humble hostelry, Reginald Van Kuyl, a melancholy youth (good writers never describe their heroes further), who looked like the disinherited scion of some noble family, business unknown. He engaged one of their best rooms.

A fall of any sort is uncomfortable to witness but of them, the worst is a girl falling in love, especially when it has Katie O'Brien and Reginald Van Kuyl as principals. After their first momentous interview it was noticeable, to all but Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, who stayed upon the top floor and so, of course could not see, that Katie seemed to be always busy around the rooms on the second floor and that Reginald Van Kuyl lost some of his mournfulness. At the end of a week matters were still in that unsatisfactory condition. The Van Kuyl rooms were the best kept and most promptly attended in the house, but Katie had not yet told him what her ideal man must be nor had he confided that he wrote "stuff" sometimes.

As I said, or started to say, at the end of a week Katie was sitting down to her regular morning coffee and cereal (impossible but true!). She opened the morning paper, glanced carelessly over the pages, when she stopped, staring at a picture on the first page, spoon poised above her dish and, something which should never be mentioned in well-behaved stories, her mouth wide open in astonishment. For there, blazing from the center of the page was the photograph of Reginald Van Kuyl, and underneath it in large print:

JIMMY HENDON, FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE

"Author of robbery committed a week ago in Wattamakeag, N. H., to amount of over \$25,000 is not yet found. He is believed to be in this city but it is not yet certain. Police are on his trail and many important clues have been found.

As Katie sat reflecting over this paragraph her father shuffled into the room, filling the air with the fumes from an ancient pipe.

"Say, Kate, about that there photograph," looking over her shoulder, "seems to me I saw a man like him in the lower hall, yes'dy—have we a boarder by that name here?"

"No, father," Katie answered, "but you would hardly expect him to keep his own name."

"No," looking at her sharply, "you wouldn't."

He went out most of his meekness and humbleness gone. As she expected he was back again in a few minutes.

"I find," he announced, his blue eyes, which bore a faded resemblance to Katie's, growing bluer with excitement, "that the only new lodger we have had within a week is a Reginald Van Kuyl," he chuckled, "I guess he wasn't crazy about keeping quiet, taking that name. When he comes in tonight, go down and bring him up here. I'd like to see him."

"All right."

Katie glanced at her father in surprise for he rarely made any pretense at interesting himself in the boarding house. He had always said it wasn't a man's job. "But this," said Katie to herself, "is what men like Pa O'Brien liked—to find out another in a crime." Katie went about her work that day with a heavy heart (forget the overworked metaphor) and was waiting at the door when Reginald Van Kuyl came in.

His sad face lighted as he saw her but she said hurriedly, without looking up. "Mr. Van Kuyl, I would like to speak to you, if you have time."

He opened the door silently.

Inside she faced him and began quickly and nervously.

"Mr. Van Kuyl, have you seen this from this morning's Tribune?"

He looked at the clipping with a mystified air then back to Katie.

"I'm afraid I—don't—understand, I haven't seen it, but—"

He looked at it again more intently. His expression was startled and disturbed this time.

"Why, Miss O'Brien, it looks very much like me but I'm sure I never heard of this Jimmy Hendon. I hope—"

"I should like to believe you, Mr. Van Kuyl—" she flushed, her eyes filled, she sought desperately for her handkerchief.

Women's tears! who can withstand them? Certainly not Reginald Van Kuyl and certainly we should not witness them or their results in this instance.

We will omit some, finding Kate and Jimmy (Katie called him that because it was Jimmy who gave her Reginald), waiting for their private car. Sufficient to say for the interval that Van Kuyl, uncle, had arrived resplendent in his glistening car and dress suit, a little before and had seen, what he hoped was the last of his miscreant nephew. Mr. O'Brien, after his daughter had been duly given away, told, in loud whispers, of his own wedding.

"Jimmy," Katie said, adoringly, (we won't quarrel about their proximity), "Jimmy, I always knew that you weren't that thief because he parted his hair in the middle and you do yours on the side."

"Katie," Jimmy answered, with a twinkle in his eyes, "I knew you did because on the other side of that clipping you had scribbled, evidently without thinking, my name and my home address, and uncle said, when I came here that you sent to him for references of my character. You knew all about me."

Cruel reader, I anticipate your comments. You say, do you not, that I haven't left Sunny-haired Joe out at all—he is in the form of Blue-eyed Katie or Risen from the Ranks.

By Susanne Thayer

A Tale of Two Imps and a Boss

Child labor was a great evil. Many a good boss who would have risen to lofty heights under a kinder fate was blighted and crushed in his early bloom by the nerve racking pranks of the children whom he was trying to make work. Not content with ruining his body and mind, the avenging Fury of child labor even connived against his future reputation. Contempt and disgust are all that are in our minds when we hear about his brutal treatment of his so-called laborers whereas we should have only pity for the hardpressed mortal who, more than half the time, gave the angels only their dues.

Two of the most angelic of these angels worked in a mill not far from here. By some trick of destiny their names were the same, Margaret, but this was remedied by calling one Mag and the other Peg. They were at the root of all the pranks which were fast wearing down the mind and temper of the poor boss. Never a white feather or a cloven hoof print was found, however, to give him an excuse for venting his just wrath. With much blarney they enticed their more stolid companions to engage in their pranks, and then, slippery little eels that they were, they escaped just before the crash and left their unwary followers to pay for their mistake in judgment.

For almost two weeks they had been quiet. It was now Saturday and their last escapade had occurred two Thursdays before. On that occasion the boss had shown unmistakable signs of yielding to his evil temper and punishing them without a shred of good evidence. They were canny little imps and did not like to rely too much on the boss's sense of justice, however. Therefore, the quietness.

On this Saturday they had absorbed about as much meekness as they could hold. If they remained good any longer they were afraid that they would explode or sprout wings or do something else equally disagreeable.

In this critical state of affairs the Shakers came in to weave the wool which they had grown. In somber greys and browns, with eyes fixed on the floor, they marched through the room to the cloakroom outside. Inspiration flashed her lamp into the brains of both Mag and Peg at the same time. From their strategic positions on opposite sides of the room, their eyes met. Then both looked for the boss. The poor wretch was in reality seated on a volcano though he seemed to be on a stout-legged chair. His feet were on his desk and his red bandanna was rising and falling on his face with his breathing. Lulled by the long quiet after such a strenuous succession of painful experiences, he was sound asleep. The volcano was boiling and bubbling.

The two leaders met and compared ideas. Combined, they formed a perfect whole. Indeed they found the inspiration good, untried and offering great possibilities.

Mag took the responsibility for one side of the room and Peg took the other. With masterful tact they produced fine results by alternate threats and flattery.

Of the whole room, only two refused to have anything to do with the sinful scheme. These two lived to bitterly regret their decision.

Into the cloakroom the miscellaneous group marched, looking like a colorful group of butterflies. They remained there for a few minutes and, after Mag and Peg had quieted a few hysterical giggles, they emerged again. By a backward transition, the butterflies had become chrysalis. Mag's hair was tucked up under a deep bonnet of grey. Her dancing blue eyes were veiled by red gold eyelashes. Her freckled countenance was mercifully shaded by the deep rim. The black cloak successfully concealed her gay dress and by its long lines made her seem taller than the five feet that she was. Peg's oval face was concealed under a deep blue bonnet. This concealment was not as necessary for Peg as for Mag. Her wide grey eyes and demure expression were very Shakerish. Her height was enhanced by her cloak and she was very imposing. Mag went first and Peg brought up the rear to prevent desertion.

With slow and stately step they marched from the cloakroom in single file. The quiet tread calmed them and in a few steps they had become more sure of themselves. Eyes modestly downcast, hands folded in front of them, dressed in somber browns, blues, and greys, they passed by the other workers unnoticed. At each corner they solemnly halted and with a saintly sedateness formed two lines. Then the saintly air dropped off, twinkling eyes were unveiled, Shaker skirts were gathered up, and a lively dance took place. Songs never heard in a Shaker meeting-house were sung with much clapping and stamping. The other workers at first stared in astonishment. Then someone recognized the notorious Mag Kelly and Peg Flanagan and all joined in the laughter and clapping. The boss of the room hove into sight. Down went demure eyelids and Shaker skirts and the procession moved on.

At the next corner the same thing occurred, but even the best of leaders meet disasters. The third dance had just been finished. Mag, eyes shining, cheeks rosy as her boss's bandanna, and her breath coming fast, added one last pirouette and whirled right into the portly person of the owner of the mill. It gave even her hardened little heart a wild flutter for an instant. Then, with unfailing intuition, she started to cry. While she was creating this diversion the others escaped. The mill-owner stared with bulging eyes at the tiny whirling Shakeress who was now weeping loudly before him. Gradually he came to realize that she was a human being and not a ghost and that he must do something besides wait for her to disappear. He turned helplessly to the superintendent. With murder in his heart the "super" had recognized Mag Kelly from the card room. He vowed a fervent vow that her boss should suffer for this and then with a sweet smile said to the owner, "This is one of our Shaker girls. She is full of life and is very temperamental but she's a fine worker. She'll be all right in a minute or so. Shall we go on?"

The owner mumbled an obedient "yes" and walked on, staring back at the bowed little figure. As soon as he was out of sight off went the Shaker bonnet and cape. One of the other girls in the room said that she'd put it back when she got a chance. Off Mag darted around the machines and by the time the

superintendent and his guest reached the card room she was busily at work with her face beautified with grease.

To this day, or to the day he died if he is dead, the owner thinks, or thought, of the remarkable little Shaker. Mag was discharged and the poor boss with her. Peg soon joined her in a new job and the fatal pair went on laying waste the careers of bosses until they became bosses themselves. Many children like these did many things like this and many were the bosses who fell in the fray. So pity the children and hate the bosses, if you will, for it seems to be the will of the gods, but there is at least one who pities the bosses.

By Mickey

The Wind and I

I ran with the wind, that wonderful day!
Together we ran through the field—so fast,
We were running, oh running, just running away!
Away from the city and people and tasks,
We raced and raced 'till the wind almost won,
And he cried aloud in glee!
But the wind wasn't fair,
For he blew all my hair
All over my face in spite.
He thought I would win, I feel quite sure,
And I think that he was right.
I stumbled and fell—the wind gave a yell,
I told him that I didn't care,
But I'll never again race with the wind,
When he cheats and doesn't act fair!

By Madame Butterfly

The Spanish Dancer

A flash of shawl—a color maize of silk,
The click of heels upon the 'dobe floor,
A scarlet rose, entwined with tresses dark,
Shimmering sunbeams through the open door.

Soft hair that vies the raven in its hue,
Lips of crimson—elusive—fragrant—sweet,
The sound of music—enchanting in its tone,
Deep eyes that beckon, haunt, compel—entreat.

Resembling a nymph in graceful swaying,
Faster—faster—now pausing—then renewed.
A lingering glance, hesitant, delightful,
A storm of crimson roses, fresh bedewed.

By Marigold

The West Pittsfield "Limited"

The 7.45 car from the western section of the city certainly is the cause of great excitement at the dawn of every school day. The only one who is always on time is "Tommy" Meagher and reason for this (I will explain to any surprised reader) is because he lives at the very end of the line. "Tommy" steps on the car and his mother hands him his books, while he is busy in the act of putting on his coat.

When everyone is settled and begins to wonder which lesson hasn't been done for that day, and the conductor calls "All aboard", someone spies "Bob" McLaughlin just rounding the curve at the top of the hill. At this moment the conductor sounds the whistle—and "Bob" begins to move! A nice winter morning, with the ice in first class condition, seems to be the time he likes best to practice "fancy skating" and the latest "dance steps", sometimes reaching the foot of the hill in "double quick time"! The car then begins to move, at first slowly and then swifter and swifter, when suddenly a young lady rushes from her yard across the tracks and signals the motorman to stop! The car is stopped, after throwing everyone from their seats, and "Charlotte Chapman" calmly struts up the aisle and takes her accustomed position, and proceeds to put on her hat, pin her tie, powder her nose, count her "change", and perform the rest of her "morning dozen".

The next stop is made without any mishap. The passengers board the car and the conductor is about to give that "fatal signal" when he is almost deafened by such cries as—"Wait a minute! Here comes somebody! Don't ring that bell!"

Well if "Mat" Jacoby isn't late again! The "Greek Marathon" runners have nothing on him. "Mat" is doing his level best to help the B. S. R. save its reputation by not delaying the car more than "fifteen" minutes.

We are all once more speeding toward the "Metropolis" and if the car doesn't jump the track, the pulley doesn't break, the power doesn't cease, and the wires don't fall—everyone expects to arrive safe and sound to school!

By One Who Knows

Reggie's Trouble

Reginald Fitzgerald, called Reggie for short, was a very unhappy boy as he walked along the dusty country road. His steady girl, Louise, had just gone to the last football game of the season with Reggie's rival, Fred White. Wasn't this enough to cause the little green god to overcome him?

As he was walking along, scuffing up clouds of dry dust, Reggie heard someone yelling at him and saw a man frantically waving his arms. Reggie partly understood what the man wanted so he jumped to one side. Just then the man and a young lady, whom he said was the star, came up to the indignant youth.

The man explained that they were taking a few scenes here by the side of this brook for a new motion picture. After considering a moment, the man, who seemed to be the director, asked Reggie if he would like to earn ten dollars.

"Bet your life I would," exclaimed that youth, forgetting all his previous grievances.

"All you have to do is walk along the side of that brook," said the man,

indicating the stream with his finger.

Reggie had just started to do as the man had told him when suddenly he was pushed headlong into the brook. A choking, gasping, water-soaked lad climbed up on the opposite bank to find the members of the troupe laughing at him. Looking across the stream, he saw a white goat innocently grazing on the green grass.

His next scene was to make love to the leading lady. It was a very embarrassed young man who attempted to do his best at this task, although it must be said this was not quite a real success.

Reggie was a mighty proud lad when handed a crisp ten dollar bill. What did he care about Louise or any other girl now that he had earned his first ten dollars.

That night when he showed the money to his father and mother there wasn't a prouder boy in the whole village.

Next day the entire village knew how Reggie Fitzgerald had taken part in a movie. At high school, where he was a Junior, every girl was after Reggie. Louise was once again the adoring girl and all the boys were terribly envious of Reggie. Everyone waited impatiently for the time when this picture would appear at the village theatre. It is right to say that Reggie was pretty boastful and vain about his part in the production. His small brother, who was generally a terrible pest, stood almost in awe of Reggie now.

At last—at last, the great night came. The picture was to be shown that evening. At his mother's consent, Reggie invited a dozen of his friends to go to the theatre as his guests and later have a dance at his house. It was a grand moment when Reggie, in a brand new suit, escorted the blushing Louise to their seats in the third row.

Reggie could hardly wait while the Pathé and comedy were being shown. At last the title of the picture was flashed on the screen and he felt Louise's hand tighten in his own. Everything went very well until the scene where Reggie was bunted by the goat. This was greeted by a great deal of amusement but to make matters worse, Reggie's small brother, Willie, cried out in a high, treble voice: "Ma, ain't Reggie funny,—and so wet?"

Poor Reggie was almost overcome but just then the scene of Reggie's love affair was flashed on the screen and Louise with one look of scorn at Reggie got up and changed places with the girl next to Fred. This was too much for Reggie and he quietly stole out of the theatre.

When he reached home, he went up to the attic and there spent the next hour in disgrace and almost in tears.

After quite awhile he heard sounds of merriment downstairs and knew that they were looking for him. He sat up and was going down to join them when he thought of his recent disgrace. It was too much for him and he resumed his place on the old couch.

After what seemed an eternity, he thought he might be able to steal downstairs to bed without meeting any one. No such luck,—he just reached his bedroom door when both his parents came up the stairs.

"Where have you been?" demanded his father.

"Aw, pa, it's so darn hard—"

"Reggie, you apologize to your mother this instant for such language," exclaimed Mr. Fitzgerald.

"I'm sorry, ma, but will you pack my grip, I'm going to Aunt Lucy's in the morning."

"All right, Reginald, it will be ready for you."

In his young mind that night a hard battle was fought between honor and cowardice. Reggie wondered what his friends would think of him if he ran away at the first disagreeable thing. And then, there was Louise. Would not this be just the chance Fred wanted; next week the Juniors would hold their annual prom.

The next morning, he appeared at breakfast much to his dad's surprise, although his mother only smiled.

"Well, I'm going to Aunt Lucy's after all, ma, I guess I'll stay here and fight it out."

"Very well," calmly replied his mother.

She, like all dear mothers, understood what had happened.

By Jean Bruce

A Rehearsal in the Boston Hall of Music

The Boston Music Hall is vast and bare, even more so than when there is no audience in it. The Harvard Music Association is seated on the stage; a few artists are at one side of the hall listening. The whole affair moves on in a listless, half-hearted manner. But when lovely Camilla Ussó enters, with her violin and merry smile, the whole atmosphere changes, the music livens, melody flows afresh, and congenial smiles flourish. She ascends the platform, nods in recognition to the members of the orchestra, and starts playing.

Long—soft—vibrant—come the first sweet notes; these melt off into music of wonderful feeling; this into brilliant snatches of some Gypsy song. Then again, soft, whispering notes, vanishing now and then, yet always somewhere—somewhere away off in the background. Her instrument seems magic; it sighs and breathes, sings and talks, murmurs and gurgles and laughs until one thinks that the very violin is merely a mouthpiece of fairyland. Now you cannot hear it; it is gone,—she has stopped. But no—not quite, there is still one languishing note that sweetly mingles with the final hushed chord of the orchestra.

Applause comes from every side; all are charmed. Again they play, this time in a gay, vivacious manner. Sharp, clear come the notes; curious little melodies flash to and fro, while bold passages roar and thunder and crash. Chords pour in torrents, only to vanish into sweet airs and tunes which in turn are brought into low, throbbing notes which herald the end of a glorious composition of an old master.

By Olive Fayson

Making Agents Useful

Alma Harvey leaned back in a green plush Morris chair and gazed compassionately at her friend. Lucina Walker was having more than her first name to trouble her today; her mother was away, it was right in the midst of housecleaning time, she had invited a friend over to spend the day, and here was a telegram from an immaculate aunt, who intended to arrive on the next morning.

"Her, of all people, to come now; could anything be worse? I simply must get everything ready for her, but all I know how to do is cook and sew."

"Well, now, why not let her rough it? You know, a visit is supposed to be a change for one." Alma was a cheerful, tactful child, who seldom let anything bother her.

"Oh, I couldn't, mother would be wild, oh, there's the doorbell."

Lucina rushed to open it, and found there a determined looking individual who was obtaining subscriptions to perfectly marvelous magazines.

"My dear madame, you cannot afford to pass this by. You do not realize what you are doing. Such magnificent illustrations, household aids, stories, everything—"

Lucina tried to be courteous in refusing, but she proved encouraging, and the only way she could cut off the eloquent flow of salesman oratory was by shutting the door.

"Oh, how I despise those agents, all they do is bother. There's such a crowd of them, and they'll call you up from the cellar, and down from the attic, for the sole purpose of wasting your time. They get me so confused; why, yesterday, when I was trying to decide what meat I wanted, one of the pests came to the door, and I hollered out, 'Pot Roast', to a 'Takes-Em-Quick' corn agent."

"Say, I think I could make use of those agents. Leave them to me, will you? You do the cooking, and I'll attend to the cleaning and the doorbell. We'll show that precious ancestor, who had the nerve to give you her outlandish surname, that we belong to a brilliant generation."

"You attend to agents! But we haven't any rat poisoning."

"I won't be cruel, but I can use them. I bet you a bunch of roses for Aunt Lucina's room, against a batch of doughnuts, that I obtain something useful from every agent that calls."

"Well, of course, if you really want to give Aunty some roses—"

Lucina disappeared into the kitchen as the doorbell rang. Three fourths of an hour later, Alma triumphantly announced that she had obtained a potato brush.

"Why, this is a liberal education in itself. I know the intimate details of every article that wears bristles."

"Go back to your doorbell, darling, and please try to get something we aren't overstocked with already."

Alma now found herself listening respectfully to some amazing tales of a mechanical device, which would clean everything but dishes. The salesman

demonstrated first on all large rugs, then insisted that he be allowed the small ones, and even mattresses, so that Alma had most of her heavy work finished, with nothing more than a slight earache.

The next guest of honor was a book agent who carried great gaudy articles bound in red, green and gold. Alma was just ready to shut the door upon the great opportunity, when she heard Lucina giggle.

"I will take them on a thirty days trial," she said sweetly, fervently hoping that Aunt Lucina would think a month's visit long enough.

The perfumery lady and the extract man, were the easiest victims. They departed, leaving Alma the richer by an excellent cake of mange soap, and some headache tablets, which were ornaments to any home.

But when Alma found herself confronting a horseradish man, she promptly decided that he wasn't in her line. However, she talked to him from sheer force of habit, until suddenly the aroma of sizzling doughnuts reached them. The man looked interested. Alma was tender hearted.

"You must get very tired and hungry, traveling about like this. Would you like a doughnut?"

Evidently the man did not think it polite to refuse, so Lucina presently discovered Alma beside her, powdering some of her finest specimens.

"Well, I didn't know you were going to be a missionary," she said, indignantly, but then the telephone started to ring, so Alma was left to her own devices. Presently the man was lifting some heavy pieces of furniture outdoors.

Alma never would have answered the next ear splitting summons, if she had dreamed whom they were from. But here was the young man aglow with enthusiasm, telling her that he had joined a fellowship which thought constantly of the people, carried on its business by the people and relieved the monotony for the people, namely the Ford Company. Alma's doughnuts seemed to fade away.

"Say, what do you know," cried Lucina running into the hall, "Aunt Lucina just called up, long distance, to say that she was coming to help us do our spring housecleaning, and didn't want us to start on it until she came. She says she likes to do it, mother and I aren't strong enough to, and not to fuss for her one bit."

"Hurrah for Aunt Lu! Say get your coat quick."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh nothing much, but this gentleman is going to take us downstreet in his taxi to buy some nice red roses for Aunt Lucina's room."

By Maria Allen

Defiance Moves Decisions

Jimmie Norris had been a roamer all his life, so when he returned to Dornesville there was much discussion as to what he would do. Rumors had it that he did not collect a great deal of money for he did not stay in one place long enough.

Dornesville was a small town in which many of the people were engaged in agriculture. There was of course, a Main Street on which was located the chief building, the store. It was here that a council met to talk over Jimmie's future.

This committee was a self-appointed one and Jimmie knew nothing about it. Several suggested that they offer him a job to find out his financial circumstances, for if he needed money he would take the job.

This was carried out and with dire results as a wrathful Jimmie met them at the gate and told them that he needed no charity.

The belle of the place was named Nan Cooper and it was to her that most of the young men of the place directed their attention.

One day, about one month after Jimmie had come back, he was walking down Main Street when he happened to look backward at a girl. He had noticed that she was the prettiest he had seen and as Jimmie was a connoisseur about girls (at least he thought so) he desired to make her acquaintance. While he was looking backwards, a tree evidently ran up to meet him, for in a moment his straw hat and his pride were utterly crushed for she had seen it and was now laughing at him. Without looking back he bolted for regions unknown.

Some days after he happened to be passing her house when the door was opened, so he opened the gate and went in. He saw her bending over a dog. Suddenly he heard her say,

"Run for your life through yonder door,
I cannot hold him a minute more."

He immediately put the fence between himself and the dog, but suddenly realized that she was making a fool out of him for he heard her end,

"The dog was of terra cotta ware,
She won him that week at a lottery fair."

Then he thought of the poem she was to recite at the weekly sewing club, and realized that she was only practicing it.

Jimmie, by the way, was only twenty-one and at that age most young men are struck with fancies. Jimmie fancied that he had to get revenge on her for making him so foolish appearing and acting. So in some mysterious way he learned of a dance and masquerade to be held in the town hall which was over the store. Also in that same mysterious way he managed to get invited to that affair.

Evidently no one knew of the invitation, for while everybody was asking everybody else of what they were going to wear in the way of costume, nobody bothered with him.

When he heard that Nan was going as Pierrette he decided to go as Pierot.

The night of the great event arrived and people from miles around came to it. But when Jimmie arrived, imagine his disgust when he saw at least fifteen other Pierrettes and Pierots. Wondering how on earth he would tell Nan from the rest, he entered the grand hall. Suddenly he heard on his left, a peal of laughter and a well-liked voice said: "Run for your life."

He looked in the direction it came from and saw a demure country maid with curls standing there. Thinking it was Nan he approached her and asked her for the first dance, saying: "Nan, will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join this dance?"

She drew back and gave him a freezing look saying, "Who do you think you

are, to ask me in that way? Any way I'm not Nan, nor is my name anything like that, it's Sara."

Deciding that she must have told how she embarrassed him, he resolved not to approach any more doubtful females.

The time for the square dances had arrived and every one was hunting for a partner, all except Jimmie and some girl standing near the door.

"Gee," thought Jimmie to himself, "she's awful homely. Oh man! and I have to go with her."

Anyway, not wishing to miss the dance, he went over and asked her. She nodded her head and then said gruffly, "I suppose you felt awfully sorry and all that for me, eh?"

Jimmie hastened to cover his confusion at this direct question and answered, "Why, of course, not!"

"Oh! no of course not!" she replied tauntingly.

The dance was going splendidly when he and his partner were in the center and she tripped him. Deliberately too, it seemed to Jimmie. Humiliated, Jimmie rushed from that room amid many laughs. When he looked around he saw that he was being followed by his partner, but she was a very different partner for gone was all ugliness and in its place was Nan.

"Oh! Jimmie," she cried, "how foolish you can appear when you don't want to. I am truly sorry though that I caused all that trouble and humiliation, really I am. Don't you believe me?"

At first Jimmie was inclined to be sulky but it suddenly dawned upon him that his fancy was now to be gratified and that he was now to have his revenge. So now taking her by the hand he rushed her into the room and made her dance a solitary jig while the people patted for it.

By Page Allison

An Old Maid's Delight

If I were an artist, a genius whose brush came to life in my hands, my masterpiece would be entitled "An Old Maid's Delight", a vivid picture, emphasizing the fashion, appearance, and customs of the "old maid" of yesterday, with her stray little curl bobbing back and forth like a reed tossed by the breezes, her high-necked collar, and her billowing skirts, which caress the very tips of her tiny slippers. Like all true artists I would reserve a corner of my "mind picture" for the cosy fire-place, and the old maid and her constant companions, the traditional Tom-cat and parrot. Yet, even then, there would be something crude, something unfinished about my art. This lack can only be due to the omission of what is known as "the old maid's delight". You ask, "What is an old maid's delight?"

Search all over Europe
O'er land and o'er sea
An old maid's delight
Is a cup of strong tea.

By A Senior

Successful Mistakes

CAST

Mrs. Anna Wells, *the lady of the house*
 Mr. Arthur Wells, *her husband*
 Sophie, *the maid*
 Shirley Brockton, *the guest of honor*
 Stanley Foster, *who saves the day*

Scene I—A kitchen in the Wells apartment.

A young mistress instructs an inexperienced maid. Sophie is laboriously toiling over a burnt mess of currant jelly. *Madam enters:* What is this terrible odor. Why Sophie, you've just ruined my new stove. Oh! what will Arthur say. Sophie I told you to watch that jelly.

Maid: I did watch it but it boiled up and wouldn't stop.

Madam: Dear me, and you didn't know enough to stir it. The recipe says 'stir constantly while boiling'.

Maid: But the spoon got too hot and I wasn't going to burn me fingers.

Madam: Never mind now. You must have a good meal this evening for I've invited guests. And by the way I'll order the groceries now. (Goes to telephone.) 422-W. Yes, please. Is this Jones' grocery store. This is Mrs. Wells speaking. Would you take my order please. 2 lbs of sugar, 5 lbs. of salt,—yes, 5 lbs., 10 lbs. of flour. It doesn't matter whether it is pastry or ordinary flour. Either will do. Just a minute please—Sophie, Sophie.

Maid: Yes, ma'm.

Madam: What does that cream soup call for?

Maid: Veal or somethin', carrots, potatoes, onions, 3 stalks celery. That's all the vegetables. And madam, it calls for heavy, sour cream.

Madam: Thank you. Veal, just a small amount, 5 lbs. tomatoes—

Maid: Potatoes.

Madam: Pardon me, I meant potatoes, 3 lbs. of onions, 3 celery,—let's see—the recipe says three stalks but I'll order three bunches. I know that there are more than three stalks to a bunch but I said three bunches, please don't contradict me, sir, I know what I'm talking about. Have you sour cream. Sophie, how much cream did it take—

Maid: It says one pint.

Madam: One—

Maid: Madam, it says, farther on: if cream is real heavy and sour, one half pint is sufficient.

Madam: Never mind. One pint—just a minute—oh, I know, 2 lbs. of bay leaves and 3 green peppers. That will be all thank you. Please have the boy deliver it as soon as possible. By the way, have you any pears? No, well, I'll get them elsewhere. Goodbye (turns around) Sophie, while I'm brushing things up for dinner would you call up my husband—1346-M and tell him to bring home some pears and a box of chocolates. I've invited Shirley Brockton up and I want

you to be sure to call Stanley Foster up and tell him to come. You see, she and Stanley had some sort of a misunderstanding and I want to bring them together. His number is 4344-W. Do it at once, so you shan't forget. (Exits.)

Sophie: Guess I'd better call them up right away. 4344-W. M-m-m. Hello, Mrs. Wells wants you to bring up some pears and a box of chocolates. That's what she said. Don't forget or she'll think I never asked you. Thanks. Goodbye. What in the world was that other number, 1436-M. No, I guess it was the other way around, 1346-M. 1346-M. Hello, Mrs. Wells wants you to be sure and come up, she's invited a swell girl to see you this evening. (Hangs up receiver.) Well that's done, I wish madam wouldn't make me take part in her mashes. I hate to order Mr. Wells around, he might tell me to mind my own business and even fire me. (Turns back to pie crust.)

(Curtain)

Scene II—Living room. Two hours later.

Mrs. Wells enters the room looks around, walks over to a mirror and examines herself.

Well, I think I look quite stunning in this blue dress.

Arthur, her husband enters the room and greets his wife.

Madam: Did you bring home the pears and the box of chocolates.

Arthur: What!

Madam: I told Sophie to ask you to bring some pears and a box of chocolates.

Arthur: Ha ha ha, Anna, Sophie told me to be sure and come home. You had a nice girl to see me. The little liar.

Madam: Sophie, Sophie. What have you done, I told her to say that to Stanley and—she's mixed those telephone numbers. She never does get things straight. (Rushes out of room toward kitchen.)

Arthur: What has she been up to now?

A young lady is brought in by Sophie.

Mademoiselle Brockton.

Arthur: Good evening.

Shirley: Good evening, Mr. Wells.

Madam enters giving Sophie a disgusting, disapproving glance. Sophie goes out taking Shirley's cloak and hat. Arthur leaves the room also.

Madam: Why, Shirley dear, aren't you early.

Shirley: Anna, you told me to be early and its half past six now.

Madam: That stupid maid of mine has been delaying and delaying. She almost ruined my new stove today by letting currant jelly boil over. I'm sorry but I must attend to matters in the kitchen. I know it is impolite to leave a guest to entertain herself, but I beg to be excused for a few minutes. Sophie doesn't seem to be able to get along without me.

Shirley: Of course, you may. (Madam exits.)

A young man enters and goes over to Shirley.

Stanley, involuntarily holds out box of chocolates and sets pears on table: Shirley, Shirley, I'm so sorry that it happened, Shirley, do forgive me.

Shirley: Stanley, are—are these for me. (Takes chocolates.)

Stanley: Yes, dear, for you.

Madam enters with Sophie, sees the two happily reconciled and gives Sophie a push back toward the kitchen, Stanley steps back.

Stanley: Here are some pears for you, Anna. I know you like fruit.

Arthur enters: Well, well, good evening all.

Curtain

By Calamity Jane

The Gypsy Trail

Who has not felt the desire to be a gypsy at some time during his life? When the soft spring winds waft the odors of the budding wild flowers from the cool woods and the air smells fresh and springlike; or in the summer when the dusty white road that winds in and out through the meadows calls us, we long to leave our work and follow the gypsy trail. Most of all, I think, the longing comes in the autumn with the blue October skies and the bright leaves and the brisk wind whistling up the lane. Although many of us say things against the gypsies, deep in our hearts we envy this vivacious, carefree race. It is interesting to know the origin of the gypsies and some of their history.

At the close of the Middle Ages, Europe was puzzled by a new sort of invasion. From the Orient came men, women, and children, on caravans and on horses. The people, as was the fashion in those days, interpreted this in religious terms. They said these people were a tribe of Egyptians, condemned by God to wander for having refused shelter to the infant Jesus during the flight to Egypt. This story was so often told that the gypsies came to believe it themselves.

The gypsy bands are bound to one another by bonds of blood and a common language, and are more firmly bound than any other race. They are very careful that no one shall learn their language. It was at one time against the Romany religion to teach it to any one not of that race. The language is very complex in its grammar, having noun declension, as the Latin. They have no books and very few can read or write but from generation to generation they have preserved their legends and folktales and take delight in telling them about the campfire.

Many of the gypsies are very handsome and all have a peculiarly winning smile. Their Oriental origin is very obvious in their dress. They love bright colors; the vivid greens, reds, and yellows are becoming, although to us there is something barbaric in their choice of combination.

They submit to the greatest hardships without a murmur, being philosophical and, like most Orientals, fatalistic.

The common thought is that the gypsies are cruel to their children, but this is far from true. They are more likely to spoil a child than to beat him. The gypsy boy has one long, fascinating holiday spent in the open, and no one tells him to keep his hands clean or to be careful of the furniture. As for playthings, who can dispute the fact that a real horse is better than a wooden one?

The debt which music owes this race of natural born musicians is very great. They have especially kept alive the folk arts and have improvised many folk songs. Gypsy music is an expression of the somber emotions and great vivacity of this race. It is full of fire, passion, and wild yearning and expresses better than anything the temperamental Romany.

By Carmen

The Changing of a Tire

What a contented feeling you have as you skim along a smooth country road, in a fast car, with the sun shining overhead, the blue sky reflecting the sunshine, the flowers and bushes racing by, and the birds singing in the nearby woods!

How that contented feeling vanishes when the "pop" of a blowout bids you stop and labor! That smooth country road becomes a dusty griddle that burns your feet as you scramble out to see how bad the blowout is—a needless expenditure of energy, for you will have to change the tire no matter how bad it is. That same sun and sky that shone, and reflected in such a friendly manner, are now blazing away with full power, producing a wilting sensation in you. Those flowers and bushes that raced by now make you feel all the hotter when you look at them, for now you can see how dried-up and dusty they really are. And to cap it all, the birds seem to mock you from the coolness of the nearby woods.

You have got to change a tire! The awful fact drills itself into your mind and you heave a dejected sigh as you disconsolately drag out the tools and dump them on the running board.

As you start to put the jack under the axle, you will, invariably, rub your shoulder against the dust caked springs and mud guards. You may even skin your knuckles if the jack should slip. If it doesn't, you will skin them any way, when you take the "flat" off the wheel. As you dismount the spare from the rear, you finish the good work started by the springs and mudguards, for the tire never comes off as it should, and it always slips, and you grab it to save your shins and thus ruin the front of your shirt.

And in the mean time the sun is steadily growing hotter, or so you think, but you really don't know a thing about it, until you go to mount the spare on the wheel. History does not record any incident in which the spare went on the very first try, and as you push and yank the steadily-growing-heavier rim you then can appreciate the scientists' experiments of heating water by the sun. But the part that puzzles you is why they go to all the trouble and expense to erect lenses. You feel that if someone was near with an egg and a frying pan, he might easily cook it on your neck.

And after the rim has finally surrendered and docilely slid on to the wheel, you stagger back against the mud guard, gasping for breath. But you jump away at once with a yelp, for while you have been heating up under the withering heat of the sun, the mud-guard has been doing the same.

Then, convinced there is no rest for the wicked, you start to stow the tools away, but nothing will go into the right pocket and after a few minutes of pulling and hauling, you dump the whole lot into the tonneau. With a sigh of relief you climb in the driver's seat. You are all done at last.

You start the motor and throw her into gear and start to roll away when a clang bids you return. You stop, look around, and see that you have forgotten the "flat". There it lies in the middle of the road, radiating little ripples of heat. You climb out of the car and, gingerly taking it up, start to roll it towards the car. But it simply won't go right and you demolish the rest of your costume by

besmearing the legs of your trousers with the dirt on the tire. More lifting, banging, yanking and puffing and finally the "flat" is mounted.

And then,—your drive spoiled, your clothes ruined and your temper very near the boiling point, you climb into the car, start the motor, bang it into low, yank the clutch in, and, thoroughly disgusted with the reputed beauty of nature and the design of demountable rims, you start for home.

By Lizzie

Sheila's Treasure Trove

The melancholy cry of a whippoorwill pierced the dead silence of the summer's eve, the soft rays of the full moon touched gently the great expanse of rolling meadows, and the long, wailing howl of a dog lent an added mystery to the little cottage standing by the roadside, so silent and lonely, half hidden by drooping elms. Another howl went out on the stillness, and yet another, sending stark terror into the heart of the small occupant of the cottage. Three long-drawn out cries of a dog at midnight—who does not know their deadly meaning? Hearing them, Sheila crept within the arc of light shed by the flickering candle. Everything seemed so weird and unreal—and—and her mother, her sweet little mother lay quite still. In her childish bewilderment she wondered why the dear face was white and drawn—why the workworn hand was icy cold, sending a chill to her heart. Tenderly she wrapped the warm blankets around the still form, gently smoothed the rumpled hair back from the white forehead, and softly tip-toed about the room for fear of awaking the sleeper. Poor little girl—there is no need—no earthly sound will ever have the power to arouse her again.

All night long the little figure crouched by the bedside, and morning found her still sitting in that same strained attitude. Dimly Sheila realized that her mother had left her alone, that her one and only friend had departed for all time. From the back window she could glimpse the countryside, basking in the full glory of a summer's morn. The sun might shine brightly, the trees might blossom, and the wild roses open their slender pink buds, but they now meant nothing to her. Her mother was dead. The light of her life had dimmed. Mrs. Marlow had been more than a mother to Sheila—she had been a pal.

What was it her mother had said on that fateful night? The words were deeply imprinted on her mind. They were: "Trust in God, child,—always keep your face toward the Heavens, and you will never regret it."

A kindly neighbor took the lonely little soul into her household. The cottage and its contents were sold, and only an old workbasket remained to remind the child of the past. Sheila tenderly called it her legacy.

Gradually her naturally sunny nature reassured itself and she began to romp and play with the other children. Soon she singled out one little lad as her particular companion. Somehow he seemed to understand. That's it—he understood. A world of meaning was expressed in that single word. Billy West was really a dear little fellow, but his constant association with older people had gotten him into the very bad, oh, very bad habit of chewing tobacco like an old veteran. His favorite pet was an old broken-down horse. He never got angry

and blustered when people made game of the old nag, but quietly quoted, "A horse is only valuable when broke. How different with a man". His eyes would roll in a ludicrous manner as he uttered this quaint bit of philosophy. Truly Billy was a second Bud Fisher. This always quieted the village loungers and Billy would strut off amidst the laughs of the listeners. He and Sheila were the greatest of friends, and were constantly seen together fishing in the little stream that ran by the deserted mill. Somehow this tiny brook attracted them both and they called it their "Stream of Life". Billy was not acquainted with Shakespeare; indeed he thought he was the villain in the movies, and stoutly maintained that when he became a man he intended to pay old Bill a visit at his studio in Hollywood. Of course, argued young Billy, all villains had studios, that is, all good villains. The little chap, however, certainly did know how to fish. My own private opinion is that he charmed the fish with his singing, as he sang over and over again an odd little verse, evidently of his own making, which ran something like this:

I take along tobacco, and I'll tell you what I do
I throw it in the water and give the fish a chew
And when they come up to spit out the juice
I grab up a stick and then I cut loose.

Nobody took the song literally and Billy continued to reign as Lord over the Fish.

Sheila's life, as you might have supposed, was not all play. Each night she would sit within the glow of the gleaming fireside and knit up the yarn in the old workbasket. Often the vision of her mother would take shape in the dancing flames and a shadow would flit over her face, and her eyes would become dreamy and widen in wistful appeal—but only for a moment. Gradually her stock of yarn dwindled until there was but one ball left, and soon that disappeared also. As the last strand unwound itself a small slip of paper slid to the floor. With trembling fingers and a fast beating heart Sheila stooped and picked it up. She was white to the lips. Slowly she opened the message and as she recognized the delicate handwriting of the dead, two stray tears trickled down her cheeks and splashed on to the letter, and she whispered, "It's mother's writing, Billy, it's mother's."

Billy sat in the corner, his eyes as big as saucers, and his mouth opened just wide enough to nicely hold an elephant's dainty foot. The light from the dying embers made a halo about the two youngsters as they read the message. Haltingly, but with voices wonderfully sweet they read aloud, "Behind the big rock by the old stream." It took some time before the words conveyed any meaning to their bewildered minds. Then as the message became clear to them, a mad race began, and half laughing, half crying they reached the old mill. The rock looked grim and ghostly in the moonlight, but somehow they didn't mind. A great shining star, directly overhead, seemed to embrace them in its light. Fearfully Sheila slid her hand behind the stone and after groping around aimlessly pulled out—no, not a valuable string of pearls, but twenty badly worn government bonds. The two children grasped each others hand, down by "The Stream of Life" and Billy whispered in an awed voice, "It's because you trusted in God, Sheila, that's the reason," and as a gentle breeze rippled the surface of the water the boy and girl stood gazing down at "Sheila's Treasure Trove". *By Patience*

Wild Odors

When one is taking a walk in the woods or fields, he is likely to encounter many wild odors which he is not able to recognize. Some of these odors are carried but a short distance, while others pervade the woodlands for a much greater distance.

Last summer, while taking a short walk thru the fields, a sudden, sweet and most delightful odor was wafted to me by a passing current of air. Surely, I thought it must be that of the wild locust tree. As I went farther on, these sudden whiffs grew more fragrant until finally I came upon a large yellow locust laden with great blossoms just filled with sweet nectar or honeydew. The leaves of this particular locust tree when they begin to wither in the fall, send forth a delightful fragrance somewhat like that of the purple wistaria, a cultivated vine of the South. Walking on a little farther, I caught a quick but distinct odor of the yellow lady's slipper or yellow moccasin flower. At first I could not trace the odor but at length I came upon several of these dainty orchids whose rare perfume is most delightfully sweet especially when you are very close to them. In a low swamp, I found many low bushes of the wild pink azalea or bush honeysuckle whose beautiful delicate blossoms lent a delightful and most bewitching, spicy perfume to the warm damp atmosphere of the swamp. Its cousin, the white azalea, is often found growing near it, the lovely white flowers revealing their presence by shedding a perfume that is indescribably sweet.

In the springtime, the air is permeated with a variety of pleasant odors. In the low damp woods, we find the deep red horn-shaped flowers pushing their way up thru the dry leaves. This is the skunk cabbage which has an extremely unpleasant odor attracting the bees who come to search for pollen but later on when the more desirable flowers begin to bloom, only the carrion or dead-flesh loving flies remain to seek the abundance of golden yellow pollen stored away inside the dark-red coat. The delicate pink flowers of the wild arbutus have a charming odor which belongs exclusively to this little plant. After the snow has melted, the bursting buds of the silver birch, the yellow staminate flowers of the maples, the cream colored catkins of the chestnut, all send forth rather pleasant scents which invade the surrounding neighborhood. The fronds of the delicate green boulder fern, the common brake, and the tiny shoots of the common rock polypody give off a peculiar wild odor. The fern like leaves of the squirrel corn and the dutchmen's breeches have pleasant scents not unlike that of the ferns. One of the most fascinating of odors which greets one from fields and waysides is that of the common golden ragwort. This plant has in reality, two different odors—one a coarse rank odor and the other delicate and refined. The sweet odor is exhaled from the long narrow leaves and often times one is able to get an unexpected exceedingly fragrant whiff of this plant. At other times, when the air is unusually moist, it yields an ethereal fragrance. Professor Frederick E. Brooks, who has made a specialty of wild odors, has devoted a whole book to this extremely interesting subject.

By Leerie

Bobby Takes Dorothy to Her First Baseball Game

Time: 3 P. M. Apr. 25, 1924.

Place: Baseball Park, Pittsfield, Mass.

Characters: Bobby Hamilton, aged 14 and his sister Dorothy, aged 4.

Bob: "Now sit down, Dorothy, here comes the players."

Dot: "What players, is there gonna be a band?"

Bob: "No I mean baseball players, those men in the gray suits."

Dot: "Oh, who's 'at fat men wif no hair on?"

Bob: "Be still now the game is going to start."

Dot: "But who is he?"

Bob: "Why he's principal of our school."

Dot: "Is he cross, where's his hair; does he scold; does he know he ain't got no hair? I see a fly on his head. What makes it so shiny?"

Bob: "Yes, no, oh I don't know. Let up will ya?" (Bobby's temper is aroused.)

Dot: "It's awful hot, I wanna drink, I wanna drink."

Bob: "No. Stop pulling my coat. I want to see the game."

Dot: "What game? Hide and go seek?"

Bob: "Goodnight no, the baseball game."

Dot: "I wanna drink. I wanna a drink."

Bob: "I don't see why you couldn't have gone to Ladies' Aid with mother, your spoiling all my fun. Here's your soda, drink it and keep still."

Dot: (quickly seizing the bottle and sipping the contents of the bottle.)

Bob whispers: Don't make so much noise. I can't hear the score."

Dot: "All right, Bobby Crankie, it's all gone anyway."

Bob: "Thank heavens"—sighs.

Referee: "Foul."

Dot: "Does he mean chickens or ducks."

Bob (disgustedly): "Oh both."

Dot: "Has they feathers on? What's sat man doin'."

Bob: "How should I know."

Dot: "Wish I had my doll, oh, I wanna go home."

Bob: "Yeh, pretty soon." (Paying little attention to the remark.)

Dot: "I want some ice cream. Bobby that boy's got some peanuts.

I ain't got any. Can I have some peanuts?"

Bob: "Gee you're a pest—I didn't wanna bring ya any way."

Dot: "Oh Bobby Hamilton, ya did too, you teased me to come. I wanted to go with muvver."

Bob: "Darn it yes, I did have to tease you. Wish I hadn't."

Dot: "Yes but ain't I gonna have no peanuts?"

Bob: "Anything if you'll only stop pestering me. Here they are. Now shut up." (Throws peanuts at her.)

Dot: "I can't get the feelings off them peanuts. They're stale."

Bob: "They're not stale, give 'em to me I'll crack 'em."

Dot: "But I don't want 'em cracked. They didn't do nothing. I want 'em peeled."

Bob: "There goes Martin home. Hurrah. He's a beaner."

Dot: "What for."

Bob: "Dot for heaven sakes, let me alone. (Slaps her hand.) Some game. Stop Dot, I'm cracking your (ball two) peanuts as fast (atta boy Spud) as I can. Oh Dot, Dot, wake up. You're missing the game. We just sent three men home and Johnson just gave the ball a ride way over the fence. You mustn't go to sleep. (Shakes her till she cries.)

Dot (rubbing her eyes): What for they sent the men home, what they do. Why did they ride the ball? I wanna go home."

Referee: "Strike one."

Dot (holds Bob's hand): Will he hit me? I wanna go home."

Bob: "Yes pretty soon. Gee there goes Philipps home."

Dot: "Yes everybody's going home but us." (Cries.) I'm hungry. I wanna see muvver. Daddy's gonna buy me candy 'safternoon. I wanna go home."

Bob: "Just when the game was getting exciting now I have to take you home. Darn you Dot. Gee I wonder why a big fellow like me always has to be dragging a pesky girl with him."

Dot: "Well I like baseball games, but I wanna go home now."

Bob: "Well gimme your hand, and drag along". (Whispers to himself, "Wait 'till I get you home.")

Dot: "Isn't ya glad ya brought me Bob?"

Bob: "Oh yes." (Groans.)

By Dodo

Story Hour

Story hour has come again;
I must lay aside my pen.
Bobby climbs upon my knee,
Leans his head back lovingly.
"Oh, what shall I tell you child?"
Anything that's nice and wild;
Bumblebees that like to sting,
Birds that fly like everything;
Little boys who will not mind;
Get their feet wet all the time.
Tell me something that you know.
Just make up one as you go;
All are good, so hurry, do.
Else I'll make you tell me two."

By Maria Allen

A Horseback Ride

Mah Jongg must surely be an exciting game, for, so many people with greater intelligence than I possess, have pronounced it extremely fascinating, yet, for some unknown reason I was not in sympathy with the scheme of my friends who were planning to spend so glorious an afternoon in pouring over its intricacies. Instead, I mounted my newly acquired saddle horse and started for a long ride. I longed for a sunset view from the boulders. I put my horse at a leisurely pace as we entered Cranes' yard in order not to miss the beauties of the way.

The thick grove of pines looked so cool and inviting as we quietly rode over the soft pine needles. Late clusters of blossoms still pink and fresh grew on many of the wayside bushes of rhododendron. Little woodsy blossoms peered through the moss, and the odor of ferns was very refreshing. Farther on where open fields stretched, clover, buttercups and yellow and white daisies made a perfect medley of color. At a bend in the road two little rabbits paused a moment and then scurried off into the bushes, wondering, I daresay, who had dared to intrude upon the peace of their woodland home.

When I approached the top of the mountain the sun was at its loveliest, so I hastily tied my horse to a tree, for I wished to climb the huge rocks, and I sat down to watch the various lights and shadows over the mountains and valleys. At the right, Cheshire Harbor gleamed like a mirror as the sunlight fell upon its waters. Far beneath me meandered a river looking like a white ribbon and a little to the right was the state highway dotted with many autos that seemed mere flies. Farm houses here and there looked restful and alluring as the cattle came home to the barnyards. I sat enchanted until the last ray of sunlight had fallen behind the clouds and then, giving one last glance at the valley below, I unfastened my horse and started down the mountain.

Suddenly my horse grew tense and began to shy, for there, standing but a short distance away in the middle of the road, was a young deer gazing at us intently, motionless and soft-eyed. For several seconds we stared at each other and then my gaze was directed to the hillside where another deer stood in the same attitude. Presently my horse, unable to stand the silence longer, began to shy again. The deer, as if obeying a signal from the one higher on the hill, ran to her and they both stood watching us in the same motionless manner as we rode by. Thrilled and excited I put my horse into a gallop. We paused only to look at the beautiful flowers in the Cranes' gardens and then hurried home.

How enthused my friends were over the Mah Jongg party, and how eager to tell me what I had missed, but as I joined the conversation of scores with forced interest, I still saw before me the beautiful scenes of the afternoon, and, although they seemed to have greatly enjoyed their game, I pitied them for not realizing how much more wonderful and interesting is an afternoon spent in Nature's out-of-doors than in solving the mysteries of foolish man-made games.

By Little Red Riding Hood

Thunder Clouds

From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by—
From the thunder and the storm,
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view.

After I had fully grasped the meaning of those lines of poetry by Edgar A. Poe, I seemed to visualize an immense, black object which sailed through the heavens so slowly, as if plodding and yet in reality, traveling with great celerity.

In the afternoon of a rather warm summer's day I can often look toward the northwest and see one of those phenomenons of Nature called a thunder cloud. It glides over the horizon and gradually darkens the entire northwestern sky and the light of the sun does not reach me, for the thunder cloud has passed in front of it like some great, powerful hand. A gentle wind springs up, low rumblings are heard, and flashes of lightning are felt rather than seen. A little shower and then the dark thunder cloud slips back below the horizon as if the same hand had brushed it away like a cobweb. The little raindrops sparkle in the light of the fading sun. The world has been made lovelier by the coming and going of that thunder cloud.

Although there is a great deal of beauty in a thunder cloud in the day time, I think its real splendor can only be realized at night on the water. One evening last summer, I was swimming when suddenly the water began to be ruffled as if by a gentle breeze; sounds of thunder rumbled in the distance, seeming to echo back and forth between the mountains; the wind grew stronger and the ripples turned to waves; then I saw that black object creep upward toward the dome of heaven, shutting out the little star lamps in the sky; when half the firmament was darkened, the lightning zigged-zagged across that black thunder cloud, lighting up the whole body of water and the surrounding country for a few seconds; the flashes intermingled with the loud rumbling of thunder and the water grew steadily rougher: the moon was hidden from view by that dark, menacing cloud and just as I stepped onto the shore, a flash of lightning burst and at the same instant the thunder cloud seemed to part just at the highest point to let down the rain, which it had held so long.

It was an awesome scene, like that one pictured by Lowell in his poem entitled "The Summer Storm" in which he says:

"The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling,—
Will silence return nevermore?"

By Thunderenlight

"Cab and Caboose" by Kirk Munroe

Rodman Blake, the hero of the story, was the adopted son of Major Appleby. Accused one day, by the Major's son Snyder, of cheating in a bicycle race, Rodman left home. His ambition was to work on the railroad and when he left home, his determination was to fulfill this desire. Having secured a minor position on the railroad, he worked hard and advanced rapidly. The culmination of his career came when he rescued his adopted brother from the debris of a tunnel cave-in.

Synder confessed that the accusation was unjust and the Major forgave and was forgiven.

As a conclusion to the story, Rodman became private secretary to President Vendeweere and returned to live with the Major.

By "Al"

"Croatan"

In her latest novel, "Croatan", Mary Johnston weaves her story about that band of sturdy Englishmen sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1587 to settle in Virginia, under the governorship of John White. Their settlement on Roanoke Island was destroyed by unfriendly Indians, and the settlers deserted their island homes and pushed back into the mountains under the protection of the friendly Croaton tribe, where they continued to pray for the return of the English ships and Governor White. Beautiful Virginia Dare, the first white child born in America, is the central figure in this charming romance.

The author has so skillfully caught the spirit and atmosphere of bygone romantic figures that they move as living, breathing people of today, instead of shadowy figures of long ago.

Thus, in the story of "Croatan" Governor John White, Eleanor and Annais Dare, Sir Christopher Guest, Cecily Darling, Miles Darling, Eagle Feather, the Indian,—all that company of brave resourceful men and women become of vital interest to us.

By "Deems"

My Wish

I wish I were a little star,
A twinkling in the night,
To light the traveler's weary way,
And fill him with delight;
A little jewel of brightness,
A spark of fire gay,
A candle in the heavens,
Lit till the break of day.

By Katy-Did

"Robert E. Lee"**A Drama by John Drinkwater**

John Drinkwater, the English dramatist, has written two plays of the two most important figures during the American Civil War. One is about the preserver of the Union and emancipator of the slaves, Abraham Lincoln. The other concerns the greatest of all Americans and a firm believer in the ideals of his forefathers, Robert E. Lee.

Drinkwater gives us a striking picture of General Lee in his play. Lee is offered the command of the Union forces in the field but after he has heard that his native state, Virginia has seceded, he resigns his position as lieutenant-colonel and goes with his state. The author shows Lee in the action at Malvern Hill which closed the Seven Day's Battle before Richmond, July 1, 1862. We are told how his forces repulsed the Union Forces under McClellan, then ending the memorable Peninsula campaign.

Lee knows all the time that the South cannot succeed in becoming a separate state. At the end of the play when he surrenders at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865, he says these words to some of his men, "They have died for Virginia. We live, and again we are just Virginians no longer. We were that, and we, too, would have died for it. But we have now to live for America."

Among the interesting characters of this play are General Scott of the United States Army; General J. E. B. Stuart, of the Confederate Army and Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy.

By X

Quit "Crabbing!"

There ain't no use in crabbing, friend,
When things don't come your way:
It does no good to gloom around,
And grumble night and day.
The thing to do is curb your grief,
Cut out your little whine;
And when they ask you how you are,
Jest say "I'm feelin' fine".

There ain't no man alive but what is
Booked to get his slap;
There ain't no man what talks but what
From troubles gets his rap.
Go mingle with the bunch, old boy,
Work hard and don't repine;
And when they ask you how you are,
Jest say "I'm feelin' fine".

By Poses

Personality

Just what is this mysterious quality in a person's character that draws and compels, as if a magnet, all who meet the individual? Is it a modern "discovery", or has it been known to have existed years ago? Let us turn back the pages of history and romance and see if we may find a hint of that intangible characteristic that has caused the downfall of empires.

Penelope! What patience and endurance, rightfully rewarded after years of peaceful waiting, though beset on every side by suitors, who would persuade her that her hopeless love for her husband was not returned by him. Beautiful beyond a doubt, for after the passing of twenty years after the absence of her husband Odysseus, one of her suitors said, "Penelope is so beautiful and so wise that more wooers would flock to her palace from every section of Greece could they but once behold her face." Yet there was about her another charm that cannot be called beauty.

Then comes Helen of Troy, for whom Penelope's husband must absent himself from his home for twenty years. What mighty deeds and valiant combatants rise before our minds at the mention of that beauty who caused the great war to be fought, during which men gladly died, knowing that it was for her they were fighting! Beautiful of face and form she has been immortalized by many poets. A few lines from the poem by Oscar Wilde:

Is that the sheen of golden hair?
Or is it but the tangled dew
That binds the passion-flowers there?

Cleopatra! Queen of the Nile, the greatest vampire the world has ever known! Cities and men were to die for her, and one, Marc Antony, because of his great love, was to prove traitorous to his Emperor. The distinct opposite of the Queen of the Tyrian shores, she is said to have possessed hair as black as the midnight, deep eyes of brown, and seeming to have a hint of the Latin in the graceful carriage and dusky skin.

Next we find Marie Antoinette. The daintiest and loveliest of princesses, the unfortunate Queen of France. The occupant of that great palace of Versailles—that palace that saw the dazzling pageantry of the reign of the royalty, whose excesses and extravagance brought on the French Revolution. Those terrible times have passed like an evil dream, but there remains for us today the unforgettable memory of its most pathetic figure.

Mary Queen of Scots, another glowing figure that stands out from the pages of romance and history.

"Dreaming in Holyrood halls of the passionate faces,
Lifted to one Queen's face that has conquered the years,
Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places?"

Mary Queen of Scots is one of the glittering figures of history about whom it is impossible to write coldly and yet succeed in conveying any truthful description. The real Queen is the Mary Stuart for whose sake young Chastelard walked to death, and for whom countless men risked their necks. Romance is not in high favor in this practical world, but only the romancer can know the ill-fated queen of hearts whose face will ever be remembered by visitors to Edinburgh.

And so down the pages of history we find these women for whom empires and lives have been risked and in some cases destroyed. But what has caused them to live down through the ages? Is it beauty? All that I have mentioned have been said to have been very beautiful. But there were many beautiful women living at their period of whom we know nothing, some of whom were socially their betters. What then is the reason for the aforementioned being immortalized by authors and poets? I think the answer is contained in the single word "Personality". As it has swayed kingdoms in the past, so will it continue to sway the "kingdoms" of today.

In the ballroom, at the opera, and in the home, there is always some person who stands out from the rest, some one who compels you to recognize them, even though you yourself, may be unaware of the fact. And so beauty has come to be recognized as merely an asset and not a necessity. If one possesses the charm of personality, one may be assured that popularity and success are only a short distance away.

By Kismet

Your Battle of Marathon

Most high school students know, I think, that the battle of Marathon was one of the most important and one of the most decisive battles in history.

Each high school student has a battle of Marathon all his own to fight when he leaves school. Your early training influences your battle to a certain extent but you can never escape it. You have your battle to fight but if you have been carefully brought up your victory will be won more easily.

It was in the days of the American Revolution when spying for the English government was found to be profitable business. Nathan Shelburne had just completed his education which was very good for that time. His father had been a worthy patriot, a typical English gentleman, and he was highly respected by the English government. For these reasons Nathan had many excellent opportunities for good positions. Only two of these attracted him however. The first was offered him by the English government and his work would be this:—to travel to America, as a gentleman of leisure, but as a spy and to be prepared to report to England how the Stamp Act, which they were then contemplating on passing, was received in America.

The second was a position as tutor to the sons of the Lord of Marshton, who was at that time an important figure in England. This did not pay so well but it was a gentleman's position. Nathan's father was forced to remain neutral on the matter of his son's vocation. If he opposed his son's being a spy he would be reprimanded by the king and criticized by the public for being unpatriotic. If he encouraged it he would not be upholding the standard of honor always maintained by his ancestors. Nathan was left to fight his battle alone. In consideration of being a professional spy his first thought was of the income he would derive. It would be almost twice as large as it would if he became a tutor. Secondly he would like very much to visit the new country about which he had heard so much. On the other hand in being a tutor he would have the satisfaction of knowing that

his profession was honest, at least and the money he earned was earned in an honest way. Secondly, to make up for the limited income he would become acquainted with the nobility of England. But unfortunately money had a great attraction for him and it was very hard for him to forego any opportunity of making it. For almost three months the battle continued within him. First the tempter would enumerate the benefits he would derive from the money and the travel and then the conscience would overwhelm these by mentioning the great influence his friendship with the nobility would mean. Thus the debate went on. Then the English government demanded his answer. They were prepared to put the Stamp Act through and there must be someone in America to record its reception.

The last night had come. He must make his decision. Tempter and conscience argued as they had done many times before, but with no result except a miserable and dissatisfied Nathan. Suddenly his eyes rested on the painting of his dead mother. He thought of what a difference it would make to his children if he were dishonest and thought of what a difference it would have made to him.

Thus with a supreme effort he laid aside all thoughts of money and made his plans for the future, as a teacher. The next morning he bravely answered "No" to the English government and "Yes" to the Lord of Marshton.

Nathan had won and in the decisive battle of our lives each of us must win. Just as Miltiades was clever in taking the offensive we must be clever in choosing rightly. Just as the soldiers had to be well armed and well trained to use their arms we must be armed, not with spears nor guns, but with courage and we must use our courage. We must be able to have "firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right" (Lincoln) in this battle of our lives which may mean fame or it may mean dishonesty and disgrace. It is up to you. Are you going to win *your* battle of Marathon or are you going to be influenced by the financial prospects and pay no attention to whether your life work is for the good of your fellowmen or against them? Are you going to be prepared for it? You should be. You have every opportunity and it all rests with you. "You only have to win once to free yourself from the oppression of temptation." You must win it!

By Amanda

Your Vocation

The choice of a vocation is, without doubt, one of the greatest decisions in a person's whole life. If a mistake is made it will have a correspondingly great effect upon one's career, and the results are usually disastrous to success. Obviously we must choose our profession or trade with utmost care, and only after great deliberation.

The majority of students do not give sufficient attention to this important matter, and in nine cases out of every ten find themselves in the wrong place. They are square pegs in round holes,—unable to do their best because they belong in another kind of work; they do not fit in their present places and must either change to a more congenial profession, or go on blindly with no hope of succeeding, and with nothing to look forward to except endless hours of drudgery.

A great many years ago, when King Tut still believed in Santa Claus, some-

The Student's Pen is to be congratulated on being able to obtain so many good stories and poems of such high standard. The support received from the student body, which is something so often lacking in high school publications, is outstanding. The Book Review department in the "Student's Pen" is particularly impressive. In the Christmas number there is an exceptionally good review of the "Covered Wagon" by Emerson Hough. It gives an excellent picture of the old pioneer days described in the book, and the gold rush when long trains of covered wagons wound their way across the dense wilderness.

Libertas

The Student's Pen—Yours is an excellent paper. Your literary department deserves honorable mention.

Ri-Chu-R

What We Think of Others

The Roman, Rome, Ga.—Your literary and poetry departments are fine. Your whole magazine shows splendid cooperation by the students.

The Signal, Columbia, Tenn.—We enjoy your magazine very much and always look forward to the next issue. Your April issue certainly fooled us.

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.—Your department headings are very clever and an occasional illustration certainly adds to the interest of the magazine.

The Herald, Holyoke, Mass.—Why not add an exchange department to your magazine? We had a hard time following some of your school activities because they were mixed in with the advertisements. Your literary department was very good.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass.—The cover design for your February issue was quite out of the ordinary but nevertheless very interesting. We like the arrangement of your magazine.

The Emblem, Southington, Conn.—We suggest that more distinction between your departments would improve the neatness of your magazine.

The Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.—A few more good stories would add greatly to your magazine.

Libertas, Bethlehem, Penn.—The picture of your beautiful school interested us very much as our present need is a new high school. "A Dream", your prize story was very good.

The Chronicle, Poultney, Vt. ranks high among our exchanges. A few cuts would add to its appearance.

The Creighton Prep is a peppy little paper from Omaha, Nebraska. Your joke department is the source of much amusement.

Philomath, Framingham, Mass.—Your department headings are quite original and the items under them are clever and interesting.

The Item, Amsterdam, N. Y.—Your literary department is very good. We especially enjoyed "Bruce, A One Man Dog".

Senior Hop

First meeting of dance committee was held April 10 and the following elections were made: general chairman, John Archambault; reception chairman, Evelyn White; assistants, Dorothy Moran, Kathleen Flynn; refreshment chairman, Doris Wilkinson; assistants, Helene Lummus, M. Guidi; music and hall, Winthrop Gregory; decoration chairman, Elizabeth Yeadon; assistants, Louise Wolven, Marguerite Sargent; program chairman, Eleanor Gannon; assistants, Harold Palmer, Theodora Kilian; furniture and fixtures, Leslie Loveridge; checking chairman, George Noble; assistants, Dorothy Prew and Warren Shaw; secretary, Anne Burwell; business manager, John Gamwell.

The 'Hop' will be held May 16th at the Masonic Temple. Club Collegiates of Williams College will furnish the music.

Tickets are now on sale. Get yours now, from the members of the dance committee.

Anne Burwell

Spring

There goes my hat!
What a sharp wind that!
Where's my base-ball bat?
March.

The days grow warm,
A wee bird's song,
Showers—a throng,
April.

New leaves peek out—
Fragrance about,
It's spring—no doubt;
May.

Swaying trees,
Chuck full of leaves,
A soft warm breeze—
June.

By Tweet! Tweet!

A Three Minute Speech

I heard my name called loud and clear
By the chairman of the meeting,
Then I knew with the greatest fear
It was my turn to do some speaking.

I managed some way to arise
And walk right boldly to the front.
I turned, and tried to look quite wise
But I did not know this little stunt.

No longer could I now delay
To tell that which I had prepared
So I began quite properly,
By addressing what is called "The Chair".

The first few lines I knew by heart,
For I always made a good beginning
Then, after this quite brilliant start,
I found I'd lost the power of thinking.

Not a word could I remember,
Of the lines I thought I knew.
But I could not stop much longer
I surely had to "see it through".

My cheeks were now a handsome crimson
And to the floor I cast my eyes,
My mind was roaming, still at random
And my classmates rendered—sighs.

I knew I had completely failed
In the effort I had made
To give one speech in all the year
And say that I was not afraid.

I made a feeble ending
And started to my seat
Thinking only of the "zero"
Which would accompany this defeat.

However there will come a time
When I will stand and gain,
The interest of my audience
And know I have not tried in vain.

By One Who Knows

A Poem

A poem I am told to write,
So I stay up half the night,

Pity for the poet fills me;
Making rhymes about half kills me,

Wondering as I stumble thru it,
How on earth the poets do it.

Coming to the word "disaster"
The only rhyme I make is "plaster".

When I put down "here" and "hair"
I have to search for "rear" and "rare".

So I'm bound to say with truth,
Poet I'll ne'er be, forsooth.

By Would-Be Poet

Running the Gauntlet

When the spirit moves, I seize my pen,
Assume a studious pose and then—
Work up a marvelous inspiration,
Till my heart beats with much elation.

I follow out my so-called hunch,
Place my ideas all in a bunch—
Then choose a hero of olden days;
And start to write, while the spirit stays.

My masterpiece finished, I hand it in;
And then, we see the fun begin—
The sub-editor reads it only in part,
(He is dumb, so doesn't appreciate art.)

He passes it on to the next in line,
Who marks it with his favorite sign,
That being a dreaded "return address";
Why he even said I was "kidding" the press!

I was telling what I thought of him, when
The editor-in-chief entered the den,
He looks at me with a haughty air
And inquires as to my business there.

I was dreading the coming interview,
When he takes and reads my story through,
Then he said, "My boy it is easily seen
You ought to be writing for the screen."

You could just substitute a "flapper's wiles",
For the cold reserve of this "Queen from the Isles"
And change Macbeth to a modern "sheik",
Instead of a character quite so meek.

Put golden curls on Scotland's Queen,
(Bobbed hair goes well upon the screen)
Fix up her part to fit Mae Murray—
Shakespeare is dead, so you should worry.

Then the office boy read it with a smile,
And placed it in his favorite file—
'Neath paper and waste, old rags and tin,
To succeed as a writer don't ever begin.

By Pickwick

An Indian Legend

I wish I were an Indian maiden,
Like those in story books,
A-paddling in my birch canoe,
Or seeking out quaint nooks.
I'd like to find forgotten caves,
Where men lived years ago,
And be a pal to some great chief,
When a hunting he would go
I'd think the thoughts of carefree youth,
I'd rule the birds and beasts,
And oh, what lovely times I'd have
Partaking of Indian feasts.
No books would bore—no school would claim,
My life would be serene,
But what's the use of all this fuss?
After all, it's just a dream.

By Indiana

To a Dragon-Fly

Glowing, darting, dragon-fly,
Oft I've watched you whizzing by,
Speeding in and out the flowers,
Gayly passing summer hours.
Where do you go and what do you do,
Colorful bit of golden and blue?
Yours must be a life sublime,
In the radiant summer time.
Do you never meet with sorrow
Never worry for the morrow?

By Birdie

The Turning Tide

Well, Betsey, this beats everything our eyes have ever seen!
We're riding in a palace fit for any king or queen.
We didn't go as fast as this, nor on such cushions rest,
When we left New England years ago to seek a home out West.

We rode through this same country, but not as we now ride—
You sat within a stage-coach, while I trudged on beside;
Instead of riding on a rail, I carried one you know.
To pry the old coach from the mire through which we had to go.

I'm glad to see the world move on, to hear the engine's roar,
And all about the cables stretching now from shore to shore.
Our mission is accomplished; with toil we both are through;
The Lord just lets us live a while to see what young folks do.

How slow—like old time coaches—our youthful years went by!
The years when we were living neath a bright New England sky:
Swifter than palace cars now fly our later years have flown,
Till now we journey hand in hand to the land unknown.

I can hear the whistle blowing on life's flying train;
Only a few more stations in our lives now remain,
Soon we'll reach the home eternal, with its glories all untold
And stop at the blest station in the city built of gold.

By Rube

Dreams

All night I've been a dreaming
Of things that no man owns;
A great, tall, green-specked mountain,
A laughing brook that flows,
A sparkling silver fountain,
A shining pool that beams,
A sweetly smelling rosebush;
All these, the folly dreams!

The night I've spent by dreaming,
A pleasure to my heart,
And all these thoughts were fond desires
That come, and rest, and part;
But now that it is morning,
I'll rise to greet the day,
And watch the glittering sunshine
Light up the Milky-Way.

Above the breeze-blown tree-tops
Are clouds; the sky is blue;
Vast are the distant meadows;
Wet is the grass with dew.
My soul is filled with gladness!
My heart responds, it seems.
Tell me, is this Dreamland,
This ample scope for dreams?

By Lindy

Springtime

I've wandered by the hillside,
Along the gushing streams,
And through the woods and meadows
Near everywhere it seems.
And when I've finished wand'ring,
And come back home to rest,
I think of ail the seasons.
And choose the one that's best.

My favorite is the springtime,
The grandest of the four,
Now If I had my own way,
There'd be no winter more.
The summertime is dusty,
And oh, by far, too hot.
But springtime is just lovely,—
And ah, pray tell, why not?

The fall is rough and windy,
Quite changed from gentle spring,
With little April showers,
That the good angels bring,
Now if I had my own way,
I'd always keep her here,
And never let her leave us,
For one month through the year.

By Rosey

Le Printemps

Wandering along a babbling brook,
Just my fishing rod and I,
Dropping a fly of golden hue,
Where the speckled beauties lie.

When the birds in the trees are singing,
And the cows in the pastures roam,
And the grass is green and dewy,
And the brook is whipped to foam.

When the air is clean and pure,
And the atmosphere is blue,
Then the mountains in their wildness,
Cast the spell of spring o'er you.

So winding through the meadows green,
And breathing the clean pure air,
I reverie away the sunny hours,
Among these gifts of nature fair.

By Waltonite

I Wish I Were A Rose

I wish I were a lovely rose,
So large, so grand, and bright,
With petals of the deepest red,
Decreasing to the light.
The buttercup and daisy
Would both look up to me,
For I would be a lovely thing,
The queen of all you see.

Now if it happened, maiden,
Fulfilled my wish would be;
I'd change you to a violet,—
But not at all like me.
The lovely rose is different,
It seems from all the rest,
Now on a trailing rose-bush
I'd look my very best.

I'd make a promise with myself,
To grow there not in vain,
And take such great precautions,
Growing near the window-pane.
Perchance, someone would see me,
And pluck me with great care,
For I would be so lovely,
And so very, very rare.

But these are only wishes
And sometimes ne'er come true
But think what it would mean to be
The rose of reddest hue.
I think I shall stop wishing
For now I'll have to part
And bid you 'bye forever,
You roses of my heart.

By Rosey

Alumni Notes

Among the recent P. H. S. graduates now at the G. E. are: Helen Vogel '22, Gertrude Cole '21, James Wasson '22, Joseph Donnelly '22, Marcel Le Clair '24, William Monks '23, Joseph Blouin '24, Louis Curry '22, William Silvernail '24, Robert Volk '24, Florence Purnell '23, Gladys Conway '24, Edward Ryan ex-'23, Clifford Briggs '22, Paul Tamburello Com'l '23, Henry Mendel Com'l '23, Janet Hover Com'l '23, Marjorie Corbett Com'l '23, Mary McCarthy Com'l '23, Marguerite Dansereau Com'l '24, Monica Gil-martin Com'l '23, Ruth Hettstrom Com'l '23, Clifford Palmer '22, and Thomas Joyce '22.

P. H. S. representatives at Berkshire Business College: Susan Strong '23, Marion Spall '23, Madeline Taylor '22, "Ginny" May '24, Ruth Palmer '23, Ruth Simmons '24, Pauline Wagner '24, Helen King '24.

In the faculty: Miss Marguerite Bligh '17, teacher of Geology and English at P. H. S., Miss Elizabeth Hesse '15, teaches Junior High at Pomeroy, Miss Mary Linnehan '14 is at Crane, Miss Alice Coffey '18 is at Dawes, Miss Helen Flynn '14 is teaching Spanish in P. H. S., Andrew St. James '14 is principal of Russell School, Miss Sue Coffey '15 is teaching Junior High at Pomeroy, Miss Naome Marcott '21 is at Pontoosuc, George Childs '14 is physical director of all Pittsfield Grammar Schools, Miss Lucy Mangan '12 teaches typewriting at Commercial, Edward J. Russell '13 is now teacher of chemistry and head of the P. H. S. Science Department.

Everett Lesure '23 is studying at Brown University.

John ("Pat") Leahy '22 is an honor student at St. Michael's College, Vermont.

John Waldron is studying at the Chemical College at Detroit, Mich.

Miss Erminie Huntress '22 is on the honor roll at Mt. Holyoke.

Edna Volin '19 graduates this June from Middlebury College.

Edward Spall '23 is at Colgate.

Norman Shippey '21, William Cole '21 and Harris Hall '21 are enrolled at St. Stephen's College on the Hudson.

Donald Ferris '21, Winton Patnode '21 are studying at Cornell.

Bruce Humphreville '21, Thomas Killian '21 are at M. I. T.

Isabel ("Pete") Hesse '23 is enrolled at St. Elizabeth's College, N. J.

Frances Gannon '23 is a student at Tufts College.

Mary McMillan '21, Mable Williams '23 are nurses at the House of Mercy.

Pauline Adams '23 is a nurse at the Boylan Memorial Hospital.

Celia Weltman '23 is studying at Westfield Normal.

Lucy Jacobs is a student at The Elms in Chicopee.

Charles Tone is at Boston U.

Harold Steenrod, Clifton Nilsen, Edward Goodrich, Clarence Wheeler and Charles Germano are enrolled at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Pauline Wagner '24 is a member of the Town Players.

Carolyn Chowns '22 is playing with May's Orchestra.

Clifford Heather '21 is playing with Andrews' Orchestra.

Laura Van Benschoten '24

Student Activities

March 20th: The student body gathered at the end of the third period to give some parting cheers to the boys who were to leave for the Tufts Tournament at noon. Mr. Knight and Mr. Bulger of the faculty spoke and wished them good luck. Mr. Carmody then gave a little talk on "When you think you are 'big' just think of something bigger and greater than yourself". The team was on the platform and at the close of the assembly Mr. Strout wished each and every one "good luck".

March 24th: A mass meeting was held March 24th at two o'clock in the auditorium. The purpose of this assembly was to welcome home our team which made such a wonderful showing in the Tufts Tournament. "Bob" Heister spoke about the trip and he gave us a very interesting account, stressing the "cordial" reception and the wonderful "frat" house. The enthusiasm ran so high that every fellow on the team was called upon to speak. Mr. Carmody then read the telegrams which were sent by both pupils in the school and outsiders, bearing to them words of cheer and good luck. The assembly lasted fully forty minutes and every minute was a "treat". We are glad the boys had a good time and we are proud of them!

March 26th: The whole school enjoyed a one act play "The Ghost Story" by Booth Tarkington given by Miss Waite's "Advanced Public Speaking Club". Lester Perkins and Minnie Merriman deserve much credit for their clever acting. Yes, everybody, it was very good and we hope that we'll soon enjoy another!

Friday, March 27th will be a day always to be remembered by the

students attending "Pittsfield High". At the beginning of the fifth period an assembly was called to find out the sentiment of the school in regard to sending the "Basketball Team" to Chicago. Mr. Strout spoke very seriously and presented every side of the question, while Mr. Ford spoke for the Commercial department. There was no question in the minds of the students as to whether they should go or not. They must! When the school learned that if their team was to go to Chicago, they were the ones who must send them,—that they were the ones who must raise one thousand two hundred dollars (\$1,200) in twenty-four hours, the real test of the true spirit of P. H. S. was tried. Would they raise the money? Could they raise the money? As an answer to these questions there began a "campaign" which very few schools would attempt to carry out. Our historic old building became a "scene of action" which lasted late into the afternoon. The question now became a fact. They would!

Current Events Club Notes

The officers of the Current Events Club are as follows: President, Hazel Clarke; Vice-President, Francis McMahon; Secretary, Lois Young.

At the last meeting of the Current Events Club various topics of national, international and local interest were discussed. The paving in the city, the Johnson Immigration Bill and the coming election were among the topics presented. In this connection Coolidge's opportunities and the formation of a third party were spoken of and previous elections where the election passed to the senate were mentioned.

Assembly

"Carry on! That is the message I leave with you. Carry on! and success will greet you, and for you and your efforts there can be no defeat." Thus ended one of the most interesting and instructive speeches the student body of P. H. S. has ever heard. Our speaker was "Cameron Beck" personal director of the New York stock exchange. Mr. Beck gave us many pictures of life as he has seen it, and the character of different individuals with whom he comes in contact. The value of a good "trade mark" was indeed made quite clear when Mr. Beck produced a box of "Uneeda Biscuits" and declared he was sure the contents were good because of the trade mark. "What kind of a 'trade mark' are you going to have?" If we had not already decided, Mr. Beck certainly started us thinking.

Monday didn't look like a very good day for a home coming. "Our" boys were to return at eight o'clock that morning and it was raining buckets.

The students had been asked to go to the station but the day looked so unpleasant, that it was thought that only a few would be there. But on arriving there, the station was found to be packed with students. The Elk's Band played for them.

When the boys arrived, they were taken to the school in cars. The band and students marched behind.

There was an assembly as soon as the school was reached. The boys, Coach Carmody, Mr. Strout, Mr. Ford, Mr. Keegan, and Dr. Gannon were on the stage.

There was a great deal of cheering

as they came in. Mr. Strout, Mr. Ford, Mr. Keegan, and Dr. Gannon each gave a short talk.

When they finished everyone wanted the coach to speak, so he spoke on the trip and told how the boys were treated,—how that nothing was too good for them; and how they were shown every kindness. He told about the entertainment the boys provided on the way out, by giving solos and playing the "uke".

After he had spoken, each one of the boys said a few words, but most of them ended by saying, "But we are hungry, we haven't had our breakfast."

Since the coach had mentioned the solos and the "uke", the boys were asked to demonstrate their ability before us.

Fay Controy played the "uke", while Billy Whalen, Neill Bridges, and Bob Heister sang. The program consisted of two songs. They were both very good and the boys were cheered for more.

After this everyone went to his homeroom, and the boys went downstairs where breakfast was served.

Helen Finn

The Oral Expression Club

An Oral Expression Club has been formed in the Commercial Department for all sophomores under the guidance of Miss Bligh. It meets every Friday, the A period in Room 5. The officers elected were Geraldine Bradway, president, and Dorothy Rice, secretary. Up to this time the club has practiced the telling of anecdotes, and short stories to acquire expression and clearness of speech. A debate has been given and the parts for a play are to be assigned soon.

Athletics**Pittsfield 21—Dalton 20**

Wednesday, March 12, Pittsfield played one of its most sensational league games of the season. Never before was there such an enthusiastic crowd to witness such a keen display of basketball skill. Each team seemed to be at its best, nevertheless Pittsfield was ahead during the first three quarters.

Nelligan played a good game at forward. Controy played a whale of a defensive game, also. Heister and Stickles came through with their usual steady game. Dannybuski played a wonderful floor game but was a little off when it came to sinking a hoop.

During the last quarter there occurred the most sensational part of the game. With four minutes and twenty seconds to go, Pittsfield was two baskets in the lead, but Dalton through a remarkable spurt managed to tie the score. Then it was that with an accurate foul shot, Coffey came through with the winning point.

Score at half time: Pittsfield 12, Dalton 8.

Line-up:

PITTSFIELD	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.	DALTON	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Dannybuski, l.f....	3....	1....	7	Carmel, l.f.....	2....	0....	4
Coffey, r.f.....	0....	1....	1	Glendon, r.f.....	5....	1....	11
Controy, c.....	1....	1....	3	Davidson, c.....	0....	0....	0
Stickles, l.g.....	1....	0....	2	Murray, l.g.....	1....	0....	2
Heister, r.g.....	0....	0....	0	Pomeroy, r.g.....	0....	1....	1
Nelligan, r.g.....	4....	0....	8	Murphy, c.....	0....	2....	2

Totals	9....	3....	21	8....	4....	20
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TUFTS COLLEGE TOURNAMENT GAMES**Pittsfield 35—Northeast Harbor 23**

Pittsfield's first game at Tufts tournament was a victory for Pittsfield in the form of a 35-23 runaway. Although the boys from the uppermost part of Maine played hard they were no match for our strong team.

Dave did the best work for Pittsfield with Nelligan right at his heels, while Manchester did his best in scoring 14 points for the losers.

PITTSFIELD	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.	NORTHEAST	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Dannybuski, l.f....	7....	0....	14	Branscom, l.f....	1....	0....	2
Nelligan, r.f.....	5....	0....	10	Ralph, r.f.....	0....	2....	2
Controy, c.....	1....	1....	3	Manchester, c....	5....	4....	14
Heister, l.g.....	3....	0....	6	Bucklin, l.g.....	0....	0....	0
Stickles, r.g.....	1....	0....	2	Seauvey, r.w....	0....	0....	0
Doyle, r.g.....	0....	0....	0	Knowels, r.f....	1....	3....	4

Totals	17....	1....	35	7....	9....	23
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Pittsfield 27—Burlington 26

Pittsfield's second game at Tufts was a hard fought contest, resulting in another victory for P. H. S.

The boys from Burlington were much larger and outweighed our boys 15 lbs. to a man. Nelligan played a fast game at forward scoring with Dave's help, 16 points. Dave played a wonderful floor game.

Prentice did the best work for the losers, caging 5 floor goals, and 3 foul goals, for a total of 13 points.

It was a fast game, holding one in intense excitement.

Score at half time 15-14. Pittsfield held the lead from the start.

Line-up:

Pittsfield

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Dannybuski, l.f...	3....	3....	9
Nelligan, r.f.....	7....	2....	16
Controy, c.....	0....	0....	0
Heister, r.g.....	1....	0....	2
Stickles, l.g.....	0....	0....	0
Coffey, r.f.....	0....	0....	0
Doyle, r.g.....	0....	0....	0

Totals 11.... 5.... 27

Time: 20 minute halves. Referee: Schultz of Tennessee.

Burlington

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Slokum, l.f.....	2....	1....	5
K. Price, r.f.....	1....	1....	3
Prentis, c.....	5....	3....	13
Palmer, r.g.....	0....	0....	0
Price, l.g.....	1....	3....	5

9.... 8.... 26

Pittsfield 15—New Haven Commercial 16

One of the best exhibitions of basketball between two High School teams was given in the gymnasium at Tufts College. Pittsfield High School and New Haven Commercial were the contestants, New Haven winning a hard fought contest by a score of 15 to 16. The score at the end of the legal game was 12 all, and after a few minutes the boys started on the first 5 minute overtime period. Heister scored a floor goal giving us the lead with only one minute to go. Stickles committed a personal foul resulting in Guy's tossing both of them and tying the score.

In the second 5 minute overtime period, Ellen tossed a floor goal giving New Haven the lead. With only two minutes to go Shapiro made a personal, and Coffey trying once again as he did in the Dalton game to tie the score got one and failed on the other.

Nevertheless New Haven will have to admit that their hearts were in their mouths more than once.

Dave played a good floor game, but was off on his shooting. Nelligan however, with Dave's aid managed to get 7 points. Ellen and McCarty did the best work for the winners, Ellen getting one fancy hoop, and playing a good all-around game.

Score at half time: 8-5 in favor of P. H. S. End of legal game 12-12.

Line-up:

Pittsfield

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Dannybuski, l.f...	1....	0....	2
Nelligan, r.f.....	2....	3....	7
Controy, c.....	0....	1....	1
Heister, l.g.....	2....	0....	4
Stickles, r.g.....	0....	0....	0
Coffey, l.f.....	0....	1....	1
Doyle, l.f.....	0....	0....	0

Totals 5.... 5.... 15

Time: two twenty minute periods. Two overtime 5 minute periods.
Referee: Gonnalight of Pawtucket.

New Haven

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Ellen, r.f.....	3....	1....	7
Watstein, c.f.....	0....	0....	0
McCarty, c.....	2....	1....	5
Shapiro, l.g.....	0....	0....	0
Guy, r.g.....	1....	2....	4

6.... 4.... 16

CHICAGO TOURNAMENT GAMES**Pittsfield 21—Rock Springs, Wyo. 12**

Wednesday, April 2, Pittsfield played its first game in the Bartlett gymnasium at the Chicago Tournament. This game resulted in a clean straight victory for Pittsfield. The initial item in the win was the exceptional teamwork of the Pittsfield quintet.

Dannybuski featured in the game by scoring 5 floor goals and three free tries. His pass work was exceptional. Controy played a good defensive game as did also Heister, Stickles, Nelligan and Doyle.

The score up to the first quarter was even, but after that Pittsfield really got going and they were not threatened any more throughout the game, although they did slow up a little bit during the last period.

Line-up:

Pittsfield

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Dannybuski, l.f...	5....	3....	13
Nelligan, r.f.....	1....	2....	4
Controy, c.....	0....	1....	1
Heister, r.g.....	0....	1....	1
Stickles, l.g.....	0....	2....	2
Nelligan, r.f.....	1....	0....	2

Rock Springs

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Larrabaster, l.f...	3....	2....	8
Martin, r.f.....	0....	0....	0
Outsen, c.....	1....	0....	2
Jameson, r.g.....	0....	2....	2
Hansen, l.g.....	0....	0....	0

4.... 4.... 12

Totals 6.... 9.... 21

Time: 20 minute halves. Referee: Wainsell of Michigan.

Pittsfield 23—East Columbus, Ohio 17

When Pittsfield won this second game of the National Tourney, it greatly upset all dope on the matter of who was picked to stand a good show in competing for the national championship title.

In Columbus' first game, Whiteacre, their big colored center scored 11 floor goals, and as a result of this he was believed to be a very dangerous man. However Controy covered him so well that he was only able to get 3 floor goals.

Another significant fact regarding the work of the guards is that not one of Columbus' forwards was able to score a basket. This shows that Pittsfield played a wonderful defensive game.

Dannybuski scored 13 points in the game consisting of 5 baskets and 3 free tries.

The game ended with Pittsfield well in the lead.

Score at half-time was 9-9.

Line-up:

Pittsfield

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Dannybuski, l.f.	5	3	13
Whalen, r.f.	1	1	3
Controy, c.	1	1	3
Heister, l.g.	1	0	2
Stickles, r.g.	1	0	2
Coffey, r.f.	0	0	0
Doyle, l.f.	0	0	0
 Totals	 9	 5	 23

Columbus

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Schraeder, l.f.	0	0	0
Hoffman, r.f.	0	1	1
Whiteacre, c.	3	3	9
Hamilton, l.g.	2	0	4
Krigton, r.g.	1	1	3

6

5...17

Time: twenty minute halves. Referee: Haffelfinger of Chicago.

Pittsfield 15—Manchester, N. H. 19

Manchester, N. H. was Pittsfield's third opponent in the national tourney and although Pittsfield had seen them in action at the Tufts College meet, Pittsfield was not able to come through with a win.

The main reason for the loss of the game is believed to be because of the need of a scoring partner to play with Dave. Nelligan was helping out immensely in the former games but due to a sprained ankle he was not able to take part in the last games.

Dannybuski scored and featured the most for Pittsfield, while Bozek of Manchester did the best work for the winners, turning in 6 floor goals and 1 free try. This boy had not made much of a showing at Tufts but at Chicago, he had a large floor to maneuver in and he took advantage of it.

Score at quarter time: Pittsfield 2-1. Score at half time: Columbus 17-11.

Line-up:

Pittsfield

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Heister, r.g.	0	0	0
Doyle, l.g.	1	1	3
Controy, c.	2	0	4
Dave, r.f.	2	4	8
Stickles, l.f.	0	0	0
Nelligan, l.f.	0	0	0
 Totals	 5	 5	 15

Manchester

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Crof, l.f.	1	0	2
Bozek, r.f.	6	1	13
Murphy, c.	0	0	0
Tiffin, l.g.	0	0	0
Longdell, r.g.	2	0	4

9

1...19

Time: 10 minute quarters. Referee: Pullman of Wisconsin.

Pittsfield 33—Lenox 27

Tuesday, April 15, Lenox's valiant team met a sweet defeat on their own hen-coup floor. Pittsfield was picked by all dope to lose the game not having had any practice since the Chicago trip, and with the disadvantages of the Lenox floor against them.

The hall was packed to the gills so to speak, and at various places about the hall were to be seen enthusiastic Pittsfield High rooters.

Lenox got off to a three point start, and maintained the lead throughout the first three quarters of the game. The game continued casually enough until the last quarter, when with the score 25-24 in favor of Lenox Dannybuski made a remarkable spurt and hooped three baskets. This lead was maintained until the end of the game. The victory of which game gave Pittsfield the first game of the series with Lenox, to decide the title of Berkshire County.

Score at half-time: Lenox 20, Pittsfield 18.

Line-up:

Pittsfield

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.		F.B.	F.G.	T.P.	
Stickles, l.f.	3	1	7		Higgins, l.f.	1	2	4
Nelligan, r.f.	1	1	3		Hughes, r.f.	4	1	9
Doyle, r.f.	1	1	3		Butler, c.	5	1	11
Coffey, r.f.	0	0	0		Barry, r.f.	0	0	0
Controy, c.	3	0	6		Lyons, r.g.	0	3	3
Dannybuski, l.g.	5	3	13		Flynn, l.g.	0	0	0
Heister, r.g.	1	0	2		Kilmer, l.g.	0	0	0
 Totals	 14	 5	 33		 10	 7	 27	

Time: 10 minute quarters. Referee: Esboriorson of Springfield College.

Pittsfield 33—Lenox 20

Saturday, April 19, finished its last basketball game of the season. The victory of this second game with Lenox, gives Pittsfield the title to the county championship. This game ended a season long to be remembered by Pittsfield High. It was a year in which the school spirit rose to its highest possible peak, and we hope that it remains there for ever.

The team was given many trips, the two most important being the Chicago and the Tufts College tournament where Pittsfield showed wonderfully well.

Lenox, not admitting that Pittsfield had any disadvantage on its home floor, came to Pittsfield with the solid determination to win. However, they met a healthy defeat.

Stickles started the scoring, sinking three free tries. This set Pittsfield going and the lead was lengthened to 6 points at half-time, with the score 15-9.

During the second half Lenox began to loosen up a bit. Whereupon, Dave started some of his remarkable long passes, with Ray out for the basket with all possible scoring precision. As a result of this passing and fine team-work the score was even doubled at one time. The game ended with Pittsfield well in the lead.

Line-up:
Pittsfield

F.B. F.G. T.P.

Dannybuski, l.f.	2	4	8
Nelligan, r.f.	6	1	13
Stickles, r.g.	0	2	2
Controy, c.	1	2	4
Heister, l.g.	0	1	1
Doyle, r.g.	0	0	0

Totals 11...11...33

Time: ten minute quarters. Referee: Esbojorson of Springfield.

Mr. Hayes: "What is that supposed to represent?"

Emma Paro: "The three devils."

Mr. Hayes: "Good! that's the first sketch I've seen that looks exactly like what it represents."

Teacher (in geography class): "Can anyone tell me where New Haven is?"

Voice from rear: "Yes, they're playing in Albany."

June Bride: "I would like to buy an easy chair for my husband."

Salesman: "Morris?"

J. B.: "No, Clarence."

—Home Brew.

He: "I suppose you'll tell me some idiot proposed to you before we were married."

She: "Certainly."

He: "Why didn't you marry him?"

She: "I did."

—Tar Baby.

Miss Mills (to T. Reilly who had just recited): "No, it says 'you are my husband'."

Lenox

F.B. F.G. T.P.

Lyons, r.g.	0	2	2
Kilmer, l.g.	0	0	0
Barry, l.g.	0	0	0
Butler, c.	2	0	4
Noonan, c.	0	0	0
Hughes, r.f.	2	2	2
Higgins, l.f.	3	2	8
Butler, l.f.	2	0	4

—
7...6...20

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Neill entered the train and placed a very large box on the rather narrow rack.

Fellow passenger: "Do you think that's safe?"

Neill: "Oh yes, it's locked."

Mrs. Bennett: "Haven't you any rights?"

Ray: "Yes, two."

Mrs. B.: "Two? Why only two?"

Ray: "A hand and foot."

Cases Differ

Marie C.: "Why hasn't dad much hair?"

Mrs. C.: "Because he thinks a lot."

Marie (pause): "But why have you got so much, mother?"

Mrs. C.: "Get—on—with—your breakfast!"

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Mr. Bulger: "Will some one name a by-product of coal?"

M. Flynn: "Clinkers."

Miss Morris: "How many clauses are there?"

Mabel Knight: "Three—Independent, dependent and Santa."

"Won't you have another piece of cake, Teddy?"

"No, thank you."

"You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite."

"It ain't loss of appetite, what I'm suffering from is politeness."

Miss Clifford: "Give an illustration of the law that heat expands and cold contracts."

G. Andrews: "The days are long in summer and short in winter."

Old Lady: "What is your little brother's name?"

Norma V.: "We call him 'Flannel'."

Old Lady: "How peculiar! Why?"

Norma: "Because he shrinks from washing."

Mother: "Minnie, I thought you were trying to economize and here I find you with both jam and butter on your bread."

Minnie M.: "Of course, mother. One piece of bread does for both."

Young miss: "What's the best thing to do for water on the knee?"

Bright answer: "Wear pumps."

She: "He put his arm around me five times last night."

Her friend: "Some arm!"

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Chas. P. Moran
Edward Rosenbaum
P. Shields
G. Shippey
G. B. Smith
John A. White
Joseph C. Wolven
Herbert Wollison

Farmer: "All the clocks in the house have run down. Ride down to the junction and find out what time it is."

Son: "I haven't a watch. Will you lend me one?"

Farmer: "Watch! Write it down on a piece of paper."

Five years ago
A chap I know
Made wonderful money they say.
He made petticoats
For young lady folks.
Poor feller! He's starving today.

—Tuff Luck.

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Here lies Thomas Connolly
He died one night in June
He played a ukulele
And played it out of tune.

F. Crowley (behind lunch counter):
"Want a jam sandwich?"
M. C.: "Sure I do."
F. C.: "Here's one then—two pieces
of plain bread jammed together."

English Teacher: "What is a
café?"

Max McC.: "After a restaurant
breaks into society it is called a café.
A café is a place with bum music and
nothing to eat."

Minnie: "Would you marry a
man who loved you or one who could
dress you properly?"

Ruth G.: "Well love is a very
desirable thing, but clothes are an
absolute necessity."

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Miss Mills: "Thelma, what is the prevailing vowel of first declension?"

T. Nelson: "Oh'er."

Miss Mills: "No, not o."

Thelma: "Eh?"

Miss Mills: "Yes, a."

Miss Morse: "Where did the Tartars come from?"

Gladdis W: "From the north-west."

Miss Morse: "North-west of where?"

Gladdis W.: "North-west of the east."

"I'm smoking a 'Robinson Crusoe' cigar."

"What kind is that."

"A cast away."

Mr. Molloy: "Jimmie, your report is not as good as it was last month. What's the matter?"

James: "Well the boy who sits in front of me was absent this month."

Mrs. Nesbit: "Poor Mutt is so unfortunate."

Caller: "How's that."

Mrs. Nesbit: "During the track meet he broke one of the best records they had in college."

He took her out for an ice cream treat
His pretty blue-eyed Sal
But fainted when he saw the sign
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Virginia W.: "Hear the sad news?"
Eleanor G.: "Nope."
Virginia W.: "Betty got arrested
for picking a banjo-uke."

S. Fielden: "Getting anything?"
(referring to radio).

C. Campbell: "Yes."
Stillman: "What are you get-
ting?"

C. Campbell: "Nervous."

Mr. Bulger: "Mr. Palmer, what
is steam?"

Harold: "Water, crazy with the
heat."

Chubby: "What would you do, if
you were in my shoes?"

Bernie: "I'd shine 'em."

Evelyn White: "Three hair nets
please."

Clerk: "What strength?"
Evelyn White: "Two dances and
an auto ride."

M. Nealon: "Did you take a shave
this morning?"

'Duke' M.: "No, is there one miss-
ing?"

Teacher: "Tommy, tell us some-
thing about Abraham Lincoln."

Tommy: "He was born in a log
cabin, which he had helped his father
to build."

Eleanor Gannon: "What, a test?
Oh my! What's it on, Mr. Goodwin?"

Mr. Goodwin: "On the black-
board."

Babe Roseoe: "Did you take
father apart and talk to him?"

Tommy Doyle: "Not exactly, but
he almost fell to pieces when I spoke
to him."

Father: Frankie, I hear you've
been fighting with one of those boys
next door and have given him a black
eye."

Son: Yes'm you see the Reillys
are twins and I wanted some way to
tell them apart."

Elizabeth S. Yeadon '24

Mr. Russell: "What is water?"

L. Wolven: "A colorless fluid that
turns black when you wash your
hands."

Nancy Wellington: "What beauti-
ful flowers. There's still a little dew
on them, isn't there?"

Don Steinway (blushing furiously):
"Yes, but I'll pay it before long."

Miss Flynn: "So you just came
back from your vacation."

Miss Casey: "Yes."

Miss Flynn: "Do you feel any
change?"

Miss Casey (with hands in pockets):
"No, not a cent left."

Senior: "Oh, did you see that boy
smile at me?"

Her sarcastic companion: "That's
nothing. The first time I saw you I
laughed."

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Miss Bligh said that she is going to
wear orange colored glasses in her
sixth period geology class so that her
pupils will look bright.

"Shall I get off this end of the car?"
asked B. Jordan of the conductor.

"Just suit yourself, ma'am. Both
ends stop."

Thelma Nelson
Betty Yeadon
Eleanor Gannon
Minnie Merriman
Ruth Gordon
Bernice Jordan
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